Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER & MELVIN J. LASKY

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THE PSYCHOPATH

RICHARD LOWENTHAL
Points of The Compass

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The Green

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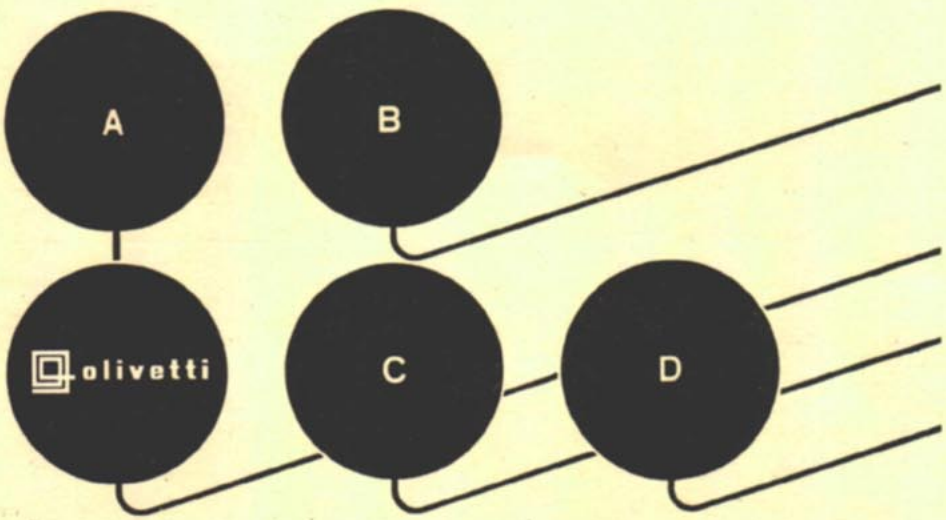

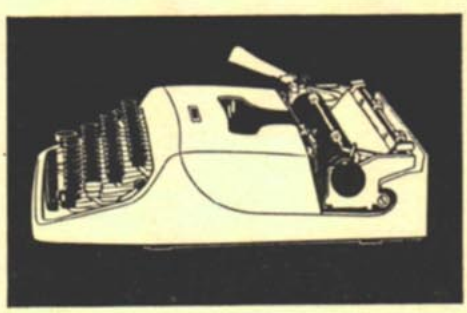

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edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

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THE PSYCHOPATH	3	*Brian Inglis*
OFF TO SICILY	15	*Anthony Carson*
THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS	22	*Richard Lowenthal*
THE GREEN	29	*Goronwy Rees*
DIVIDED WE STAND	42	*Rayner Heppenstall*
MEN & IDEAS		
JOHN BUCHAN	46	*Gertrude Himmelfarb*
THEATRE		
THEME AND CHALLENGE	54	*Nigel Dennis*
FILM		
SWEET LIFE AND UNEASY SLUMBER	57	*Nicola Chiaromonte*
NOTES AND TOPICS		
THE CENSOR'S REPLY	61	*John Trevelyan*
. . . AND OTHER VIEWS	64	*John Osborne*
	65	*Tony Richardson*
HIGH, LOW, AND MODERN—A REPLY	66	*J. G. Weightman*
BOOKS		
THE INTERPRETATION OF THE TIMES	71	*Frank Kermode*
REBELS AND REVOLUTIONARIES	76	*C. M. Woodhouse*
THREE NOVELS	80	*Anthony Hartley*
ZEN ARSON	82	*Peter Hyun*
U.S. POETRY IN ENGLAND	83	*Donald Hall*
LETTERS	84	
AUTHORS	88	

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Brian Inglis

The Psychopath

"SO FAR as I can see," Lord Goddard once told a court, "I am a psychopath myself, and so is everybody else." He was making fun of the notion that some law-breakers ought to be classed as patients, needing treatment, rather than criminals, deserving punishment: "the causes of crime (as he insisted on another occasion) are the same as they were in the Old Testament . . . greed, love of easy money, jealousy, lust, cruelty." And until recently, the law in Britain shared his belief; except for a few offenders who were sent to mental institutions like Rampton, rather than to Borstal, the only criminals who escaped responsibility for their crimes were very young children and lunatics—lunacy being narrowly defined under the McNaghten rules. The question whether a criminal was or was not a psychopath was, consequently, only of clinical interest; it did not affect his fate.

Now the law has been changed. The Homicide Act of 1957 has imported "diminished responsibility" from Scotland; if the plea is successful a murder charge will be reduced to manslaughter. And the 1959 Mental Health Act has formally installed psychopathy alongside insanity; a youth diagnosed as "psychopathic" by two doctors may be detained up to the age of twenty-five—longer, if he is thought to be dangerous—without being charged in the courts; if he is charged, the courts can send him to a mental hospital. The law remains illogical, notably in its apparent assumption that only adolescents can be psychopathic; but the significant fact is that psychopathic behaviour (using the term, for convenience, to include "diminished responsibility") can now be pleaded, and is being pleaded, in the courts. It would seem to be a common though obscure disorder; and before trying to define what psychopathy is, it is worth examining the symptoms which have been presented by the various types of criminal whose lawyers have been using it as a defence.

First, there is the man who demonstrably gains no real advantage from his crimes. The millionaire who cannot resist pocketing teaspoons which he does not want, and could easily afford if he did want, is regarded not as a thief but as a kleptomaniac; his friends, warned, treat him as they would if he were "touched;" he is rarely charged with theft and, if he is, will usually be urged from the Bench "to go for treatment." Sometimes the courts decide that a particular defendant who has pleaded kleptomania is a common thief, and often, when they do not, his friends may wish that the law was less indulgent to him. But nobody denies that the illness kleptomania exists; that there are people with a jackdaw instinct for acquisition so highly developed that they may not even be aware of the fact that they are indulging it.

Nor is there any doubt about the existence of the *compulsive* criminal, though it is less easy to identify him with certainty. He often commits crimes for gain; he may appear to be "just another criminal." But desire for gain is not *why* he commits them; he is moved to steal, or to expose himself, or to kill, for the pleasure of committing the crime, rather than from any benefit he may expect from it; and often he gives himself away because, though the gain may be substantial, he has no real use for it—sometimes never even anticipates enjoying it, so certain is he that he will be caught. More than fifty years ago, Mercier noted in his *Textbook of Insanity* that there are people who, though outwardly sane, "indulge in vice with such persistence, at a cost of punishment so heavy, so certain, and so prompt, who incur their punishment for the sake of pleasure so trifling and so transient, that they are by common consent considered insane. . . ." They are the addicts of crime, who can no more resist it than the alcoholic can resist

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the bottle—the recidivists. Whether they are sent to jail or to hospital depends on chance, and on their social background; but anybody who has to deal with them realises that imprisonment is not so much a punishment for their misdeeds as an expedient to protect society from their depredations.

The *motiveless* criminal is also well known: but there is even more uncertainty about identifying him, mainly because "motiveless" is used so loosely. It is often applied colloquially to cases where the motive is abnormal—to "thrill" murders, for example, on the Loeb-Leopold pattern; but the fascination of committing an apparently motiveless crime may in itself provide the motive. A better term would be "sick" crimes; the motive is there, but it is pathological. An ordinary criminal motive may be present as well; householders who have been burgled are often startled to find excrement on their carpets or graffiti on their wallpaper, suggesting that the silver was not the only attraction for the raider—that he had been prompted by unconscious resentments, canalised into conscious hatred of "the rich" or of "Society."

Sometimes offenders in these three categories are set free on condition they promise to undertake psychiatric treatment; sometimes—much more commonly—they are sent to jail. The fact is that there is no way in which they can be distinguished from the common criminal.* The Mental Health Act is of little help to the courts. Psychopathy, it says, is

> a persistent disorder or disability of mind . . . which results in abnormally aggressive or seriously irresponsible conduct on the part of the patient and requires or is susceptible to medical treatment.

But there is no knowing who requires, or who is susceptible to, medical treatment. Most of us, after all, are on occasion abnormally aggressive (driving a car in a bad temper) or seriously irresponsible (driving a car after a good party). Lord Taylor, a psychiatrist, had to admit at Westminster recently that nothing is known medically about psychopaths except that they continually behave in an abnormally antisocial way: they are merely "persistent rogues." But so are criminals. How, then, can the law's obvious intentions about psychopaths be given effect?

THIS is a subject which much exercised Barbara Wootton in her recent book on *Social Science and Social Pathology*, and again in a recent broadcast, "Neither Child nor Lunatic;" and her investigations have led her to some disturbing reflections. At present, Lady Wootton argues, the test of psychopathy tends to be the circumstances of the crime itself. But this is absurd, because it means that when we ask, "Why is he a psychopath?" the answer is "Because he did such-and-such;" but when we ask "Why did he do such-and-such?" the answer is "Because he is a psychopath." What criterion, then? It is not enough to say that psychopathic behaviour is peculiar by ordinary standards.

> There are, for example, men who suffer from a crazy desire to cut off women's hair; on what grounds are we justified in assuming that this is a more powerful urge than a hungry man's entirely rational impulse to steal?

In any case, this interpretation of psychopathy only leads to the grotesque situation (already noticed by judges in some cases when "diminished responsibility" has been put forward as a defence) where if, say, a murderer commits an incomprehensibly brutal, callous, or revolting crime, the jury—finding it hard to believe a normal man can have done anything so dreadful—may accept the plea of "diminished responsibility," and reduce the charge to manslaughter; whereas somebody who has killed in a pub brawl will be sentenced to death—the implication being that criminals should make their crimes more horrible if they want to escape the worst penalties.

Nor is there any prospect, even in the distant future, of finding a way accurately to assess

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* The author of an article on the interpretation of the Homicide Act in the Criminal Law Review for January, 1960, says that the meaning of the section of the Act dealing with diminished responsibility has been the subject "of a striking and well-nigh judicial refusal to offer any firm guidance;" in one case where prosecution and defence put forward rival interpretations the judge "instead of giving the jury a direction on the matter merely handed to them slips of paper with the words of the section written on them, and instructed them it was for them to say whether the case came within the section's terms." The course the judge took was approved by the Court of Criminal Appeal, Lord Goddard, C.J., remarking: "When Parliament has defined a particular state of things . . . it is not for judges to re-define or to attempt to define the definition." The author of the article, himself a solicitor, comments that judges "have not usually been so humble;" it is probably safe to assume that the humility is born of an understandable inability to grasp what the section means.

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irresponsibility. Consider the embarrassment of a court, or a medical panel, faced with the prospect of deciding whether Humbert Humbert suffered from an uncontrollable impulse, or merely a whim which he could have resisted but preferred to indulge. Even given all the conceivable knowledge of the circumstances, no panel could reach a firm verdict; the roots of man's responsibility are too far out of reach in the unconscious.

The weaknesses of the present rules are, therefore, already obvious. An irresponsible offender under the age of twenty-one will be sent to Borstal; if he behaves more irresponsibly, to jail; if more irresponsibly still, to hospital—perhaps without being before the courts at all, unless his irresponsibility is sexual, when for some reason he is denied the classification "psychopath." And, as Lady Wootton is at pains to show, these eccentricities are not simply defects in the law, which might be remedied; they are symptomatic of the fact that the law is trying to do something it cannot do—because as soon as the proposition is accepted that crime may be a medical phenomenon, the whole foundation upon which the law has been based begins to crumble.

> Once the gross and persistently anti-social can claim to be treated as medical, and not as moral, cases, it is surely only a question of time before the mildly anti-social claim the same privilege. That is why the creation of the new category of psychopaths is the thin end of what may prove to be an enormously thick wedge; so thick that it threatens to split wide open the fundamental principles upon which our whole penal system is based—undermining the simple propositions that I started with, as to the responsibility of every sane adult for his own actions, as to his freedom to choose between good and evil, and as to his liability to be punished should he prefer evil.

Would it not be much safer to return to the old ways? The McNaghten rules may have been harsh, but at least they were as clear as any such rules can hope to be; mistakes may have been made in individual cases on the borderline between sanity and insanity, but in the great majority the decision has been and still is relatively easy—whereas with psychopathy, even the most distinguished psychiatric panel in the world could not provide a test which the courts could apply. And what opportunities the plea of "I am a psychopath" gives the real rogue to escape the consequences of his crimes! Was Lord Goddard not right, then, to ridicule as unworkable and dangerous the tendency to regard any crimes, except those committed by the insane, as a symptom of disease?

His thesis would be tempting were it not for the evidence that has recently been provided about the clinical background of psychopathic crime, notably by researchers in the Freudian school. Freud himself gave relatively little of his time to the subject, but he did make one useful observation; certain people, he noticed, are obsessed by a feeling of guilt, and the only way they can find to allay it is to commit a crime to which they can attach their guilty feeling. This is not as far-fetched as it sounds. It is a nursery commonplace that small children who feel unwanted, or guilty, are apt to do something naughty which will bring down their parents' wrath; better to be punished than ignored. In a recent essay, in *Psycho-analysis and Contemporary Thought* (ed. John D. Sutherland, 1958), Dr. D. W. Winnicott notes that cases are continually being found where lying, stealing, destructiveness, and bed-wetting in children arise out of "an unconscious attempt to make sense of guilt-feeling;" and it is not difficult to see how this process could continue, in certain cases, in later life.

Much the same kind of symptom has been reported by Dr. William Sargant in his *Battle for the Mind* (1957), where he notes that under brain-washing a man "may completely reverse his former beliefs and patterns of behaviour, so that he feels a desire to make confessions." He will claim to have committed crimes not (as is often assumed) simply to bring his ordeal to an end, but to restore contact between the torment of his guilt-ridden self—even if he has not disgraced himself he may still feel guilt, as T. E. Lawrence did after his ordeal in Deraa ("the citadel of my integrity had been irrevocably lost")—and the reality of his environment. Men with an urge to confess to crimes, particularly to murders, which they have not committed, are well-known nuisances at police stations: Timothy Evans, who was hanged for one of Christie's murders, made no less than four confessions (two to disposing of his wife's corpse, and two to murdering her).

From a craving to commit (or to confess) to crimes in order to allay a sense of guilt, it is a short step to a craving for punishment. Masochism is now so well-documented, with a host of case histories in medical literature and

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in fiction, that it is surprising how little attention has been paid to the possibility that some people may become criminals for the pleasure of getting caught—much as a flagellant might sin in order to enjoy the pains of his penance. There are also innumerable examples—Leopold leaves his spectacles near Bobby Franks' corpse —of the way in which criminals drop unconsciously deliberate clues that help to make their capture inevitable.

It has been suggested, too, that there may be yet another category of psychopaths, whose antisocial activities arise because they have lost the capacity—or have never possessed it—to feel guilt. Here, Dr. Winnicott says, "we find the most ugly crimes. We see the criminal engaged in a desperate attempt to feel guilty." This may sound like a desperate attempt to explain the inexplicable, but it is not inherently improbable that we would miss a sense of guilt if we lacked it, in much the same way as we would miss a sense of pain—we would instinctively realise it was necessary, and try to do things that would arouse it.

This research may be criticised as incomplete, and its interpretation as notional; but at least there is enough of it to suggest we should think again before returning to the Old Testament assumption that punishment is necessarily a deterrent. Common humanity alone should prevent us from punishing anybody for suffering from a disease. But in theory at least, the plea of common humanity *might* have to be resisted *if* punishment acted as a deterrent. If, though, as the evidence suggests, the prospect of punishment may titillate the sex maniac, or the murderer, then the society which continues to punish indiscriminately is actually encouraging crime. And, as violent crime is on the increase, the whole subject of psychopathy (not just of criminal psychopathy) needs more serious attention than it has had in the past.

PSYCHOPATHY has been the subject of a few admirable full-length studies; Dr. Lindner's *Rebel without a Cause** and Hervey Cleckley's *The Mask of Sanity*. There have also been innumerable papers and monographs; but by comparison with the work done on neurosis and psychosis the amount of useful research on psychopaths has been small, partly because their territory has formed a kind of no-man's land between the psychiatrist and the criminologist, and partly because they present such intractable subjects for investigation. The result is that there is still confusion even over what psychopathy is—so much so that the authors of the most recent definition I have seen (English and English, *Dictionary of Psychological and Psychoanalytical Terms*) can do no better than say that "psychopathic" means

> pertaining to any mental disorder, but especially to one not yet profound or not yet diagnosed,

and that "psychopathy" may mean

> an admission that one does not know, specifically, how to classify the condition.

It is true that among psychiatrists "psychopathic" has often been used in much the same despairing sense as the word "functional" is by physicians, as a synonym for "not yet diagnosed." Nevertheless the term, even in casual colloquial usage, has acquired a reasonably clear meaning: *psychopathy* can be described as moral disorder—as distinct from *psychosis*, mental disorder; and *neurosis*, emotional disorder.

The distinction may not be clear in individuals. It is hard to decide whether Caligula was psychotic or psychopathic or both—probably the encouragement he was able to give to his psychopathic tendencies, because he was in a position to translate his whims into action, eventually obliterated his capacity to distinguish between fantasy and reality. The difference between neurotic and psychopathic is usually clearer; and it is significant that whereas neuroses often appear to arise from excess of house-training in infancy, psychopathy often appears to develop from the lack of it:

> *So the hand of a child, automatic*
> *Slipped out and pocketed a toy that was running along the quay*
> *I saw nothing behind that child's eye. . . .*

Psychopaths suffer from arrested emotional development, which makes them continue some of the amoral ways of early childhood into adult life. They lack the control mechanism that automatically regulates the activities of the normal adult. Most of us, faced with any moral decision, are guided by social reflexes originally established in infancy (though modified later); so smoothly does the super-ego move into operation that we are usually unaware of having had to make any decision at all. Only when circum-

* Not "the book of the film": a film company apparently bought the book but in the end used only the title; the book gives an account of an attempt to psycho-analyse a psychopath.

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stances prompt us to disobey are we reminded of its existence by a pang of conscience, telling us that the step we are about to take is one we grew up to regard as immoral. A man who has no such guide, or whose guide is out-of-order, or (most dangerous of all) whose guidance wires have become so crossed that he gets false answers, prompting him to anti-social activity, is—at least potentially—a psychopath: a sufferer from "defective conscience."

Conscience appears to develop by two processes. In the early, negative stage, children are conditioned; through experience of rewards and punishments, acceptances and rejections, we learn what is considered naughty or anti-social. In the later, positive stage, we begin to carry on the development on our own account; by "absorbing the parental image," as Freud described it, we convert parental love and authority into an integral part of our own character. Freud's view was that if the process stops at the conditioning stage—if the image of authority is not absorbed, but remains external to the child—authority will consist only of the policeman round the corner; and so long as the policeman *is* around the corner, out of sight, the adult will feel free to cheat or lie or steal, as the psychopath does. What this amounts to in practice, Cleckley suggests, is that the psychopath has no capacity for love. "Probing will always reveal a self-centredness that is apparently unmodifiable and all but complete. This can perhaps be best expressed by stating that it is an incapacity for object-love and that this incapacity appears to be absolute. . . . He is plainly capable of casual fondness, of likes and dislikes, of reactions which, one might say, cause others to matter to him. These affective reactions, are, however, always strictly limited . . . the term absolute is, I believe, appropriate if we apply it to any affective attitude strong and meaningful enough to be called love."

Pavlovian psychiatrists may dismiss the "absorbing the parental image" idea as notional—as an attempt by Freud to explain something which he did not fully understand; but their own interpretation is not significantly different. "Stress on the lack of moral standards," Prof. H. J. Eysenck says in his *Dynamics of Anxiety and Hysteria*, "on the failure of the higher, regulative, inhibiting and restraining mechanism to prevent the immediate gratification of instinctive appetites and lusts, recurs over and over again in the clinical description of psychopaths."

THESE clinical descriptions have been amplified by many case histories, some of the most perceptive of them provided not by psychiatrists, but by novelists and dramatists. Dostoievsky, in particular, was fascinated by psychopaths; and

Words & Patients

Under the Mental Health Act, 1959, the terms idiot, imbecile, feeble-minded, and moral defective, are to be replaced.

The Minister of Health has sent to all the members of his own staff and to the medical and related press a notice explaining the new terminology that will be used as soon as the old lunacy and mental deficiency laws have been repealed. Recipients of the memorandum are encouraged to start using the new nomenclature immediately, except in connection with statutory procedures under the existing laws.

The most important change in terminology made by the new Act is that the expressions "mental deficiency" and "mental defectives" should be abolished. That means the four classes of defectives mentioned above will no longer be referred to as such. No single term is being introduced to replace "mental deficiency." That is a deliberate omission, for one of the main objects of the Act is to remove the rigid distinctions now drawn between "mental illness" on the one hand and "mental deficiency" on the other.

"Psychopathic disorder" will signify a persistent disorder or disability of mind (whether or not including subnormality of intelligence) which results in abnormally aggressive or seriously irresponsible conduct on the part of the patient, who requires or is susceptible to medical treatment or care or else training under medical supervision.

This term will be used to denote some patients of normal intelligence who are now classified as feeble-minded or moral defectives, as well as others who may now be treated as mentally ill rather than mentally defective.

In some contexts, also, it will be appropriate to use other terms such as mental disability, mental infirmity, mental enfeeblement, or mentally handicapped, which are often more acceptable to patients' relatives than the more precise statutory terms. These general terms should, however, only be used when the context makes their meaning clear.

THE GUARDIAN, 16/3/60

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the classic account of their impact on society comes in *The Possessed*, where Stavrogin returns to the country from Petersburg:

> Suddenly, apropos of nothing, our prince was guilty of incredible outrages upon various persons and, what was most striking, these outrages were utterly unheard of, quite inconceivable, unlike anything commonly done, utterly silly and mischievous, quite unprovoked and objectless. One of the most respected of our club members, on our committee of management, Pyotr Pavlovitch Gaganov, an elderly man of high rank in the service, had formed the innocent habit of declaring vehemently on all sorts of occasions: "No, you can't lead me by the nose!" Well, there is no harm in that. But one day at the club, when he brought out this phrase in connection with some heated discussion in the midst of a little group of members (all persons of some consequence) Stavrogin, who was standing on one side, alone and unnoticed, suddenly went up to Pyotr Pavlovitch, took him unexpectedly and firmly with two fingers by the nose, and succeeded in leading him two or three steps across the room.

Later, Stavrogin bends down as if to whisper something to the governor of the province, but instead bites his ear. He is thrown into the local jail. After a calm interlude there he suddenly becomes noisy; beats on the door with his fists; with unnatural strength breaks the window, and wrenches the iron grating off the door. Obviously, he is suffering from brain fever! So he can be released from imprisonment, and taken home to be looked after by his mother:

> Everything was explained at once. All our three doctors gave as their opinion that the patient might well have been in a delirious state for three days before, and that though he might apparently have been in possession of full consciousness and cunning, yet he might have been deprived of common-sense and will, which was indeed borne out by the facts.

With his acute insight into the mind of the psychopath, Dostoievsky could see further than his characters. Nothing really was explained by Stavrogin's "brain fever,"* but Dostoievsky realised that people everywhere crave a rational explanation of psychopathy. The common feeling is that no man in full possession of his faculties would do such grossly illogical, self-defeating actions—actions which may not be in the strict sense "motiveless" (any of us might have been tempted to pull Gaganov's nose) but are incomprehensible because the trouble they will cause is bound to be out of all proportion to the gratification obtained. And, just as everybody was relieved when Stavrogin's deeds could be attributed to "brain fever," there is a widespread tendency to attribute psychopathic behaviour either to madness or to straightforward villainy—a tendency observable in many authors: Dickens made many preliminary essays in psychopathy (Quilp, Carker) which eventually deteriorate into melodrama; perhaps only with Steerforth is the psychopathic pattern clear throughout.

There is one significant borderline case: Iago. Iago's hatred of the Moor is not caused by resentment over past slights, or jealousy, or lust. True, from time to time he provides tentative explanations of his feelings; but they are precisely the kind psychopaths normally indulge in ("the motive-hunting of motiveless malignity" Coleridge called it). They want to rationalise their own conduct, and the more irrational it is the more actively and cleverly they may search for an apparently reasonable justification for what they have done. As a portrait of a man in the grip of forces which he cannot control, and which enmesh him in ever more elaborate, compulsive, and in the end destructive deceits, Iago is a remarkable study of a psychopath. Producers, though, and actors usually feel that if the part is played this way, the audience will not understand, and may be irritated; so, taking the audience heavily into their confidence, they stress those passages in which Iago appears to be the stock villain of melodrama, moved by lust or greed. And Shakespeare himself lends them some justification; for the tension which has been created at the end might relax into bathos if, after Lodovico says

> *to you Lord Governor*
> *Remains the censure of this hellish villain*
> *The time, the place, the torture. O, enforce it!*

the audience went away feeling sorry for Iago, and telling each other he ought to have been remanded for psychiatric treatment.

But probably the most remarkable study of a psychopath is a real-life psychiatric case history, *The Three Faces of Eve*, which began as a paper in a medical journal and has since been made into a book and a film.

"Eve" suffered from a split personality; she was two people in the same way that Jekyll and Hyde were two people, inhabiting the same body. (Incidentally, her case gives Stevenson's book a new claim on our interest; the parallels

* This, incidentally, would probably be diagnosed to-day as hysterical; as an unconsciously brilliant expedient, like Podola's amnesia—if it was genuine—to escape from an apparently hopeless position.

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are often surprisingly close.) *Eve White* was introverted and neurotic; *Eve Black*, her "Hyde" half, extroverted and psychopathic. White was nominally in charge, but she had no conscious control over Black: she could not prevent Black from "coming out"—taking over—nor had she any recollection of what Black did while "out." Black, on the other hand, was aware of what White was like when "out," and despised her for it. Though she could not compel White to do as she wanted, she could and did leave White to face difficult situations: White would come "out" to find herself about to be thrashed, as a child, for Black's disobedience; or, later, about to be raped by one of Black's boy-friends. The story is full of interesting sidelights on the characteristics of a psychopath; Black's desire to have lovers, for example, and to arouse them, but not to gratify them; her astuteness, limited by the fact that she could not plan sufficiently far ahead to save herself from getting into difficult situations in the long run; and her irresponsibility.

THE number of people who suffer from total dissociation of this type, is, admittedly, very small. But common disorders such as loss of memory and hysterical paralysis are symptomatic of similar conflicts within the personality; so, too, is the character-change many people experience under the influence of alcohol—when, say, it turns a gentle, kindly man into a maniac. In all of us there is a Hyde; and he can be in a stronger position than we realise, ready to emerge the moment some weakness in our characters or change in our circumstances allow. Normally we let Hyde loose only when for some reason he is socially acceptable. The Saturnalia existed to satisfy his demands. At Oxford and Cambridge, the aftermath of a club-dinner has long been recognised as an occasion when the undergraduate may be permitted by the Dean a certain amount of broken glass. A car can be used to gratify psychopathic urges; this, rather than accident proneness, is the reason why certain notorious individuals, some well known in society, are constantly up before the courts for motoring offences. So can "a cause:" it may be potentially worthy, yet still encourage depravity in its followers. Whole audiences of otherwise respectable people, engaged in pursuing what they feel to be respectable aims, may be swayed into near-psychopathic frenzies if Hyde is awakened in them by a harangue on hanging and flogging, which arouses their submerged sadistic impulses.

The commonest of all these release-mechanisms is drink, for alcohol provides the easiest socially-acceptable way to block off conscience, and to indulge the psychopath in us. In drink we tend to be attracted towards our psychopathic pole: if it is negative, we become helpless—jolly, or maudlin, according to temperament and circumstances; if positive, we may become cunning, vicious, or cruel. Robert S. de Ropp in his latest book on drugs* argues that drug addiction is psychopathic; an addict normally "is unable to understand the consequences of his own actions, and has a habitual contempt for the process of law." And alcohol, de Ropp emphasises, is a drug; its social consequences far more evil than those of heroin or marihuana, not simply because it is much more widespread but because it does not calm or incapacitate people; when drunk they can still drive their cars, or strike their wives, or say and do things they may later regret for a lifetime.

There are other ways on the fringe of social acceptance whereby a psychopath can indulge his appetite: gambling, for one. Provided he is not foolish he need not risk conflict with the law, or with society. He may even find his psychopathy a help—in politics, particularly, and in journalism, a man without too keen a conscience, provided he is shrewd enough, may do better than his more inhibited colleagues. One recent British cabinet minister reached his office after a succession of political and personal actions which I find explicable only in terms of psychopathy—though admittedly in such a case it is hard to differentiate between acts which are due to an absence of moral standards, and those attributable to overriding political ambition—which is not quite the same thing, though it may be as dangerous.

Of course, if we were to include all politicians or journalists who have shown callous inconsistency in pursuit of their interests, this term would soon begin to lose all meaning. Nevertheless, research into psychopathy in everyday life might very well begin with reporters on the popular newspapers (particularly gossip writers and foreign correspondents). The nature of their jobs gives them every encouragement to become (when they are not already) psychopathic. Their job may require them to get (or if necessary, to invent) a story without worrying overmuch what pain or embarrassment it may cause. If Wen-

* *Drugs and the Mind*. Gollancz. 18s.

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lock Jakes in Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop* is a caricature, then journalists must grow to resemble their caricatures as surely as owners are supposed to grow to resemble their pets: some well-known foreign correspondents to-day are Jakeses to the life, hardly bothering even to visit the places they write about with such verve.

But perhaps the clearest example of the way psychopathy can afflict ordinary people is the follower of stag-hounds who is also a keen supporter of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I do not mean he is necessarily a psychopath, but simply that the ability to exclude from our moral consciousness anything which may happen to be inconvenient to us is one which to some extent affects us all, and which can therefore help us to understand the psychopath's mentality.

If we are conditioned both to love some cruel pastime, such as hunting, and also to loathe cruelty to animals, it is essential to excise not only from our consciousness but from our consciences the fact that hunting is cruel to the animal concerned; and the rationalisations ("the fox enjoys it"), grotesque though they seem to anybody else, are as necessary for the humane hunt-follower as "I must obey our *Führer* in everything" was for the humane concentration-camp guard.* It is easier to gain an insight into the mind of a criminal psychopath if we realise that there are men whose attitude to, say, rape is precisely the same as that of thousands of estimable citizens to hunting or shooting; and who regard the police with the same irritation for trying to interfere with their pleasure as hunt-followers regard the members of the League against Cruel Sports. When Lord Goddard told Christopher Craig, "Your heart was filled with hate and you murdered a policeman, without thought of his wife, his family, or himself; and never once have you expressed a word of sorrow for what you have done," the Lord Chief Justice was missing the whole significance of the case: the reason Craig did not express sorrow was because he was as incapable of feeling it as an M.F.H. would be who finds himself in at the kill after a particularly exciting chase.

Rape, admittedly, is against the law; hunting foxes is legal; it could be argued that the rapist ought therefore to learn to restrain himself. But there are respectable people who continue to attend cock-fighting, or illegal gambling parties, for the same reasons, and with the same feeling of absolute self-justification, as the psychopath has when he commits the crime of his choice. They do not *want* to control themselves: the fact that what they are doing is illegal may only give the added pleasure of defiance when they do it.

THIS is the symptom of psychopathy which most of us find hardest to understand. When we feel any social or moral sense instinctively, we tend to assume everybody else feels it—or ought to feel it—too. We also tend to assume that anybody who does not feel it—who is anti-social and irresponsible—must be unpleasant. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The most shameless rogue may be, and remarkably often is, a sympathetic, engaging figure even to those he is deceiving; an Arthur Norris, a Basil Seal, a Louis Dubedat. He may not have many close friends, but he will have a great many people who wish that they *could* be close friends—closer to him than he has let them be. And he will be much loved. He is usually more interested in seduction and possession than in giving satisfaction to his partners.† Yet the psychopath rarely has difficulty in finding and keeping mistresses (and *vice-versa*, in the case of the psychopathic women) who cling to him, possibly because their craving is always being encouraged but never fully satisfied. He is often compulsively attractive to people of both sexes. Leopold has written of Loeb that "everybody went for the guy—and rightly so. There wasn't a sunnier, pleasanter, more likeable fellow in the world. His charm was magnetic—maybe mesmeric is the better word. He could charm everybody he had a mind to." Whether it is because the rest of us, who tend to be neurotic, are fascinated by anybody who is free from our tiresome inhibitions, or whether it is that the childlike Till Eulenspiegel quality of the psychopathic mind is itself engaging, the psychopath tends to win much affection; even in cases where he is a nuisance, a sponger, or a man who tends to go berserk under the influence of drink, his friends will often

* Outrage and indignation over the "cruel inhumanity" of English hunting habits was once expressed (it has been recorded) to the Prince of Wales, in Berlin, by Adolf Hitler!

† "Characteristic of psychopaths' attitude to sexual emotion and experience," Dr. David Stafford-Clark has written, is "shallowness and immaturity, combined with a frequently disastrous opportunism which may lead to . . . deliberate perversions, wanton repeated and joyless seduction, and many of the more grotesque and outrageous sexual crimes."

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take great risks, and make endless efforts to cover up for him to keep him out of jail.

Psychopaths, then, are not villains: they are not wicked, in the biblical sense. And at this point it is worth mentioning that the common association of violence with psychopathy is not fully justified, either—any more than is the common association of violence with psychosis. A man who is locked up like a beast tends to become bestial, and as psychotics and psychopaths have often been strait-jacketed and padded-celled, they have tended to have a spectacularly violent history; but they are not necessarily more prone to violence than anybody else. Still less justified is the association with mental deficiency. In the past only young criminals who have had "a mental defect" have commonly been categorised as psychopathic; where they have been of average or above-average intelligence they have usually been treated as criminals. But although psychopathy is a prolongation of infantile patterns of anti-social behaviour into adult life, this does not mean that psychopaths are infantile in other ways; naughty children, after all, can be highly intelligent. The lack of a conscience does not necessarily blunt men's intellects; it may even sharpen them because, being conscience-free, they are freed also from the repressions which sometimes inhibit normal thought-processes.

This is why psychopaths can be found throughout the whole range of intellectual and artistic capability. A few have been geniuses, and there would have been more if their craving for immediate gratification had not impeded their long-term ambitions. The lack of a moral sense may not affect mental powers, but it does affect the way they are used. Conscience can make cowards of us, but it can also make us work; lacking it, a psychopath tends to be like a child for whom the possession of a toy, rather than the fun of playing with it, gives the pleasure. Only if he is exceptionally intelligent has he the stamina to pursue long-term ends. Occasionally, if he wants something badly enough, what he lacks in stamina he may compensate for in singleness of purpose; but this is unusual unless he can persuade other people to do some of the work for him. And sometimes short-term ends themselves lend him a kind of stamina. Because most of us have a measure of foresight, we are apt to find it hard to understand that other people may be lacking in this faculty; but the psychopath often resembles M. Seguin's goat in *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, which escaped from its master's farm as soon as it was big enough and went up into the mountains in the knowledge that the wolf would eat it eventually, with a fixed idea of lasting longer, before being devoured, than any previous goat.

A PSYCHOPATH cannot as a rule co-operate with other like psychopaths, because he cannot trust them. But he can often establish a master-slave relationship on the Loeb-Leopold, Craig-Bentley pattern. The two poles of psychopathy, positive and negative, tend to attract each other: the positive becoming the leader, planning, organising, distributing rewards and punishments; the negative obeying. Negative psychopaths are indolent rather than vicious, amoral rather than immoral. Left to themselves they would not choose a life of crime, but they may lapse into it, becoming sneak-thieves or pick-pockets; or, on a higher social scale, cheque-bouncers and confidence-tricksters. The positive psychopath tends to get emotional pleasure out of crime. He feels about a successful murder much as the sportsman feels about a successful deer-stalk; the more difficult it is, the more skilfully he has avoided giving himself away, the greater the exhilaration. Manuel, the mass-murderer, seems to have got little satisfaction out of murder as such; it was being able to kill people with impunity, and thus to feed the vanity which made him want to be regarded as a master criminal, that delighted him. It would not have been out of character if he had actually regretted the absence of some of the people he killed.

The existence of master-slave relationship makes it easy for a man who is psychopathic to corrupt his satellites—his friends, or his gang—so that individuals who are not in themselves psychopathic become so under the influence of others who are. We are all aware that we have some impulses in ourselves of which we should be ashamed, and of which in normal circumstances we *are* ashamed. But if a leader can give us the excuse not to feel ashamed about them, we may unleash them in ourselves and condone them in others. Hitler with anti-Semitism, Titus Oates with "No Popery," McCarthy with witch-hunting, helped to make otherwise respectable citizens psychopathic; and the symptoms can become extremely ugly, when torture or lynching are condoned. It is a process of which the early stages can be seen in every close-knit group, school, political party, or club; members of the

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group will do things corporately that they would never consider doing as individuals. All of us have been present on occasions when we have been deterred from protesting at, and even revelled in, destruction or din because we are in the party, though we know that if we happened to be the landlord or a neighbour we would be tempted to send for the police. The disintegration of a community's standards when psychopathy manages to enlist the support of corporate loyalty has often been observed in Fascist and Communist countries; it has been portrayed on the stage in Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, and in fiction in William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*. It can be seen, too, in the sport which came to be known in America as "The Chicken Game," a twisted version of follow-my-leader which led members of teenage gangs to compete with each other in dangerous acts—"who can stay longest on the tracks before getting out of the way of the express?"

THE indications are that psychopathy is on the increase. Dr. Alan Wheelis has suggested a reason in his *Quest for Identity* (1959). The super-ego does not enjoy complete autonomy; it is continually being influenced by its environment:

> One who lives out his life in the town of his birth derives much super-ego support from proximity to family and relatives, and from their continuing expectations of him . . . conscience is strengthened also by the continuing pattern of known traditions, customs, and values. Such conditions are becoming increasingly rare.

In any case, Dr. Wheelis continues, conscience is changing its nature. Formerly, morality was obedience to verities instilled by parents; now, it is coming to be the compliance with the practices of one's peers. This is partly through the growing tendency for political systems to insist that morality is an affair of state, so that a child which informs on its parents may be praised as a wise child; and partly through a gradual change of parental attitude (very noticeable in America) which has meant that childhood training in all its forms has become much less rigorous than it used to be. The decline of belief in God, and the growth of reliance on the good texts of Spock, have greatly altered habits of child care.

This does not necessarily mean a disintegration of morality. But it does mean, Dr. Wheelis believes, that the unconscious has lost ground relative to the conscious—the super-ego to the ego. When we do things to-day, we are more aware of the reasons why we are doing them. We are no longer driven by those inner voices which warned, praised, and rebuked our great-grandparents so vigorously that they felt they knew "instinctively," as they would have put it, what was right and what was wrong. The modern morality is less arbitrary and tyrannical, more sensible. But the loss of old absolutes means for many people a loss of stability. Now that it is possible to indulge anti-social impulses with less restraint of conscience, because a less firm foundation of super-ego has been laid—and because even when it has been laid, it is more frequently uprooted by changes of environment—it is not surprising that psychopathy should be more of a public nuisance.

The real difficulty, in fact, if Dr. Wheelis's theory is accepted, is to explain why psychopathy is not even more serious, as an epidemic; but in any case its symptoms are alarming enough to compel society to recognise that it can no longer be ignored. To say this, however, only recalls the complication Lady Wootton has described. If we accept the existence of a category of criminals suffering from "diminished responsibility," there is no logical resting-place for the law between the principle (expressed in the McNaghten rules) that everybody except young children and lunatics is fully responsible for actions, and a new principle that *nobody* is fully responsible—that all crime must be considered as disease, and all criminals regarded as suffering from some degree, or some variety, of psychopathy.

Well, and why not? Acceptance of the all-crime-is-disease hypothesis would have one enormous advantage: it would mean that the problem which seemed to present such insuperable difficulties—that it is not possible to tell with any certainty which are the psychopaths and which the common criminals—disappears. The question whether a man can or cannot help his outrageous behaviour, Lady Wootton argues,

> is simply not asked: the only issue is his need for, or probable response to, treatment. So perhaps in the end we shall come to that in the courts also. In that case everything except treatment—guilt, responsibility, and all the rest of it—would become irrelevant. At least such a system would be both humane *and* effective, which is more than can be said for what we have now.

This sounds reasonable; but public opinion would inevitably be hostile. It is difficult enough

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to convince people that the psychopath needs treatment, without having to persuade them that crime in the old sense of the term does not exist—let alone that the doctrine of individual responsibility must also be scrapped. Apart from the adherents of the Goddard school, who are basically sceptical of even the existence of psychopathy as a clinical entity, there exists also the common attitude which Proust expressed in *La Prisonnière* when he wrote "Irresponsibility aggravates faults, and even crimes, whatever anyone may say. Landru, assuming he really did kill his wives, if he did so from a financial motive—which it is possible to resist—may be pardoned; but not if his crime was due to an irresistible sadism. . . ." Most of us are frightened by psychopathy, as by psychosis; and we find it difficult to accept the need for treating it rationally.

But much the most serious, and the most commonly heard objection, is that the proposal to treat crime as a disease is impracticable. Discussing psychopaths, one is over and over again confronted by an argument which may be summarised thus: "I am not sure that I believe you about this psychopathy business, but if we agree for the sake of argument that you are right, and that punishment is *not* a deterrent (I don't believe it for a moment, but let that pass) for some criminals—or even for all criminals—surely you can see that if we don't have some sanction, there will be no restraint? We can *all* steal or rape or do whatever we feel like, knowing that at worst we will only be sent to hospital!"

There are two answers to this. The first is that there is not the slightest prospect of the law being radically altered overnight, or indeed in the foreseeable future. Bill Sykes is not going to be transferred to-morrow by a stroke of the pen from Dartmoor to Warlingham Park. Even if the necessity for treating all crime as disease were to be conceded, and enacted at Westminster, it would still be necessary to make changes extremely slowly, in order to find out their effects without putting the public to any great risk.*

The second is that "treatment" need not necessarily be congenial. In at least one respect it is certain to be harsher than "punishment;" its duration—as it already is, I understand, in Denmark—will have to be to some extent indeterminate. Of all the reforms which the "crime-is-disease" principle offers this is the one that the public ought most heartily to welcome; for it would mean that the psychopath, instead of emerging from jail ready to resume his criminal career after a fixed period, will be isolated from society until he is cured—which may mean he is never released at all. This poses disturbing questions about the liberty of the subject, and it also implies that the distinction between treatment and punishment will be less clear-cut than we tend to suppose, because compulsory detention, no matter how pleasant, is in effect punishment. But the point is that psychopaths are not going to be cossetted. If, say, it were to be found that an effective treatment for them was twenty-mile route marches, or some much less agreeable exercise, they might well wish they were back in the old jail.

IT HAS to be admitted, though, that when we talk of "treatment" there is not yet any very clear idea of what can be done for psychopaths. For many years ahead treatment will necessarily be exploratory—and for this reason, apart from security, the need is to set up more specialist units to deal with psychopaths—as Dr. Maxwell Jones, the Director of the "Social Rehabilitating Unit" of the Belmont Hospital, has suggested recently, in an article for the Mental Health Association, in which he explains why ordinary mental hospitals are unsuitable:

> Our own experience has taught us that staff training and social organisation are of first importance; the staff can only be expected to bear with aggressive and other anti-social behaviour if they can understand something of its significance. Moreover, the patients are afraid of their uncontrolled behaviour and to help them to participate not only in their own treatment but in the treatment of others is one way of helping them to form meaningful relationships with other people.

All that has really emerged about treatment so far is that it is a slow and extremely tedious process of establishing these "meaningful relationships" which alone can give the psychopath what he really lacks: the capacity for affection, and love. No reliable short-cuts have been developed. Psycho-analysis is not usually practicable, and has proved generally ineffective when it has been tried, presumably because the

* *Some* risk may be inevitable—as when the authorities at Warlingham Park and other mental hospitals embarked on the "open door" system; after an initial period of worry, though, the system has worked so well that people in the district are no longer alarmed.

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psychopath does not need insight* (with which he is sometimes better served than normal people) but self-control. Pavlovian methods have not so far been successful either; and they are often unpleasant: a case came up in the courts recently where psychiatrists had tried to cure a man of a predilection for stealing women's underwear by inducing artificial nausea in him at the sight of them—it had not worked. Brain-washing techniques have been suggested as a possibility. but again, the idea is distasteful. Dr. David Stafford-Clark has recently reported (*B.M.J.*, December 5th, 1959) some promising results from the use of research into the possibility of clinical measurement of some aspects of psychopathic personality: the results show that "there is a consistent, high, and significant correlation between the individuals concerned and the pattern of electrical activity recorded from their brains by the electroencephelogram." But this, for the present, concerns diagnosis rather than treatment.

Yet some way may be found, with the help of drugs or hypnosis, to condition or re-condition the super-ego; on similar lines, perhaps, to those used on sleeping children in Huxley's *Brave New World*. It is not impossible that an adult could be provided with a conscience, as an infant is, if psychiatry learns how to reach the required area of his unconscious mind. Or, something could be done to experiment in restoring weakened super-egos by putting psychopaths in special surroundings where they are treated with sympathy and even affection in spite of, and in fact because of, their defects; units which would be doubly valuable because of the facilities they would provide for research. Certainly much more intensive work is needed on individual psychopaths, on the lines of the studies of Nathan Leopold—not the least important of which is his own (though his refusal to discuss the crime itself, and what led up to it, lessens his autobiography's value). Incidentally, this research was possible because Leopold was not sentenced to death: one of the strongest arguments against the death penalty is that only by coming to understand the motives of a Loeb, or a Christie, or a Manuel, can we hope to learn how to save lives in the future.

* In one sense the psychopath lacks insight: as Cleckley points out, "he has absolutely no capacity to see himself as others see him." Not being able to love, he is unable to understand love, or its influence on others, which makes realistic evaluation of their motives impossible for him. I am using the term here in another sense; though the inability to love must deprive him of some insight into himself, he is not cut off from self-appreciation by repressions, in the way neurotics are, the kind of discoveries ordinarily made on the analyst's couch are not, therefore, made with psychopathic patients.

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Anthony Carson

Off to Sicily

THE trip actually started from somewhere on the Chelsea Embankment, I'm not quite sure where, and it was about twenty-to-twelve when I drew up in a taxi and saw the faded blue Dormobile van outside the house. Everyone was more or less ready but there wasn't a drink in the house, and the nearest pub was about half a mile away. Although it was an exhibition January morning with a cocktail sherry gleaming in a gold frame, I had the trembles, an unwashed and unbelonging feeling from staying suddenly in a centrally-heated house, with the moisture and the hope tapped out of me by invisible pipes. I should start by naming the people. There was North whom I had known some time, a sort of mythological figure, half-faun, half-camel, who lived with a charming wife in a tiny historic house, like a jewel, in the moors of Yorkshire, and who disguised the gamble of his nature with a parade of prams and a talk of business. ("This is a business trip," he had shouted to me in the warm white house.) There was Lady Betty Cress, whom I had also known on and off for years, a pretty girl who converted her grandmother's dressing-gowns into touching overcoats, constantly shoeless, a tinker's princess as much behind the counter of bargain basements as in the cocktail drawing-rooms of an oblique Chelsea. Victor Latimer, a young pianist and composer with the white set face of the perfect comedian, with the terrible precise anger of a moralist, a man furnished with a huge series of self-viewing mirrors. These three, North, Betty, and Victor, were old friends, connected by secret telegrams, coloured clubs, university quadrangles, a gossip which, including Madge, Harcourt, or Phillip and Stanislaus in Miami, Paris, and Bath, managed to make the world very small and very English.

Then there was Mrs. Spencer and her daughter, Sarah. They came from Oxford, where Sarah ran a sort of antique shop which sold necklaces, wool, brooches, toy animals, and Spanish earrings. The purpose of such a shop was to be *discovered* by visiting American ladies, who, attracted by the naïveté of the animals and wool, would be hooked and loaded by bargains. Each had been married. On the edge of the party was a thin young man called Reg Saunders, a clerk in some sort of General Trust Company. He had never travelled abroad before, but somewhere in his neat, organised brain was a curiosity about snow, grottoes, and volcanoes. And a Violet Smith, a young girl from South Africa. Finally, there was myself, a middle-aged man still looking for miracles, smaller and neater miracles, experience-resistant and agile with fresh craft and tamed dreams. A man of railways and shabby ships, inconclusive love-affairs in second-class hotels, open, often ashamed of his mobile, unburdened joy under the probe of the classified city. Often, indeed, cowed. We were all off to Sicily. "At least I hope so," said North. I knew that he meant this, that he was uncertain of attaining the objective, because of the assortment of people, engine troubles, avalanches, fights, unequally apportioned money, and the prevalence of casinos. But his handsome bactrian, raptorial face held such dash and

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reserve of energy that the risk of the trip not only did not seem to matter, but positively enhanced it to those of us who had paid down some money.

WHEN we reached Dover with little or no event, North took a very long time finding the car embarkation point, the ship, or even the sea. We passed and re-passed an identical succession of pock-marked council houses which should have been the rigs of shipping, crossed and re-crossed bridges, railway lines, waited for trains, and returned to the infernal council houses, asking numbers of people who were invariably angry, because of the snow, or Dover, or hidden problems, and directed back to the bridges, the railway lines, and finally the council houses. Not a sign of the sea. This was a trick of North's, an exaggerated irresponsibility in regard to the approach to or egress from towns, which enabled him to express a contempt for any sort of routine embedded in the passengers' minds. However, we eventually discovered the embarkation point, the car was hoisted aboard, and we walked up the gang-plank and on to the boat. Victor immediately disappeared, and was not seen for the rest of the trip. "Helping with the engines," said North. Nobody was certain, except North, whether Victor liked them, and it was never less certain on ships. We went to the saloon and ordered bottles and bottles of wine, the spectres of want, improvidence, and ultimate starvation were shelved away and the ship vibrated with holiday's reckless geography.

In fact, I discovered, by the second bottle, that we were bound for Ostend. Ostend is not by any means on the quickest or the most pleasant route to Sicily, Belgium is boring and Germany unpleasantly interesting, but by Ostend we certainly had to go because North was unable to proceed through France. To my surprise, although I myself and Betty and Victor knew the reason, he explained it to everyone else somewhere on the trip, between Cologne and Heidelberg. "I'm sorry about France," he said, "but I'd be arrested." Everyone accepted this fact quietly except for Mrs. Spencer, who eyed him with the omniscient look of the ready-reckoner, the lady who knew what was what. "It's a fact," said North. "But why?" asked Mrs. Spencer, giggling. "Because I deserted from the Foreign Legion," he said. "It's absolutely true," I said, through her common-sense laughter, "and as a matter of fact I met a man called Eddie in Tangiers who knew North in the legion. He had deserted himself. I was sun-bathing on a roof and suddenly found this man beside me." Mrs. Spencer never believed any of this any more than she had believed that North, on arrival in Ostend, had gambled away nearly all his money in an empty casino flanked by croupiers with white winter faces, dogged January vampires, and only had a trunk full of canned stew, baskets of carrots, and a pearl necklace to fall back on. The fact is that the stark poetry of the past can only be shared by a sort of family of friends or occasional wizards, what is inviolably one's own is buried by envy and routine in a box marked "Fantasy." Only a sort of prose remains.

Some kind of routine of behaviour established itself. North and Betty cooked over a spirit stove in the van, Reg ate sliced sausage meat and regional biscuits, Mrs. Spencer and her daughter in restaurants, Victor vanished, and Violet hovered between van and inn. At Liége we drove into a large rococo park to eat picnic-meal, and it turned out to be a cemetery, stacked with the grey bank-statements of past hopes, all scandal and regret stifled under snowy leaves. The car turned around like a trapped animal, skidded, and only just failed to fall into a ditch beneath a menacing memorial, and as it was righted and approached the gates, a uniformed custodian in plum-red with gold lettering issued from a small grim lodge and closed them. There was angry panic in his face, as though it was the weather for werewolves or the Black Mass. "We thought it was a park," I said. The custodian's mottled face peered forward and his finger shook as it pointed to the tombs: there was an utter hatred and incomprehension of us English holiday-makers, tumbling like knock-about comics, behind the curtains of a faded play.

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ALL the way to Taormina one was sniffing at towns like a dog, jumping the map like a flea, castles and towers and buried legends flickered by in a blaze of snow, while North and Betty talked about Matthew and his second wife Priscilla, Violet Smith whirred her ciné-camera through the low, frosted windows, and Mrs. Spencer talked about meals in Mediterranean hotels. Each white, sun-baked town from Marseilles to Athens was a good clear soup, an excellent grilled trout, a fine steak with French potatoes. Heidelberg appeared in the night, a scientific glow that could have been Swindon, an atomic establishment, or an airport. We veered in and crammed ourselves into a small, hot hotel, and in the morning I was dragged out of bed by North to continue the implacable voyage. Yet in that short space of time, Mrs. Spencer and her daughter had visited most of the monuments (Mrs. Spencer had even painted a small water-colour), Violet had filmed a duel, and North and Betty had rocked and roared in a night-club, where a number of cropped-haired youths with scarred faces knew not only Matthew and his second wife Priscilla, but his first wife Jean and her second husband Wally. Victor had disappeared.

We were over the frontier into Austria and we arrived in Innsbrück at about seven o'clock in a clear champagne air trembling with rich men's lights, softly illuminated cake pagodas, caged furs, winking jewels, and millionaire leather. After eating, all of us, except Victor, went to the nearest night-club, a huge underground cellar with a Tyrolean band and upside down wine bottles fitted with automatic release taps. We were greeted with roars, slaps on the back, it was like coming home all forgiven, blood is thicker than water. Comradeship went to the head, the band blew like a March wind. "The Austrians are *us*," said Mrs. Spencer. But they weren't Austrians; all the smiling teeth were German, the misty eyes were Grimm. Drowned in *Gemütlichkeit* we danced into the old red river of our blood, emerged and visited a second night-club, smart, low-lighted, dinner-jacketed, and dotted with Dior. It could have been London after twelve but the men and the girls were better-looking, there was that definite aristocratic touch so lacking in our capital, a weary but captivating charm, an air of high castles, old books, and vampires. All these, too, turned out to be Germans, and one of them, an Oxford-looking man, attached himself to our party. North, who had sold the pearl necklace, bought him brandy, and he stated, with great charm, that the English and Germans were one. One, One, One, with a clinking of glasses, and under his hypnotic castle-glow, I told him that my father had actually been a titled German.

"To your greatest English writer," he said, handing me his card. "Who would that be?" I asked. "Who?" he repeated, "who but Stewart Houston Chamberlain, prophet, martyr, and saint. . . ." He raised his glass solemnly. "You don't mean that," I said smiling. "Don't mean what?" he asked. "That about Chamberlain and the Leader." The stem of his glass snapped suddenly, and he held out his hand for me to grasp. I grasped it, and through the haze of wine I seemed to be walking down the path of a thick, thick forest dripping with the incessant tears of the hunters and the hunted. I rose from the table, a tiny traitor, and danced with Betty on the small floor by the band. It played *Star Dust*. Betty's feet were bare, and the elegant spectators stared down with *schadenfreude* and a hilarious reverence to sensed breeding, secret manorial lawns. When we returned to the table North was ordering the suave German away. "He shouted and shouted for brandy," said North. "His face was completely distorted."

IN THE morning we collected together to drive over the Brenner Pass. "RETURN THE TYROL" cried huge letters in whitewash. I had a longing for Italy, but over the frontier, for miles and miles, extended the long arm from the thick, fierce, and weeping forest. The people and houses were Gothic, the Italian guttural, the soup thick with cabbage. But the change came. It rang through the snow like a Puccini aria, something disorderly yet

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harmonious. I was back on the old escape-route of my childhood when I had first feared death by starvation of common beauty, followed by private visits and then extraordinary pilgrimages with Magic Carpets Ltd., herding tourists into cathedrals and catacombs, winkling them out of grottoes and bleeding them with cameos. My Italian began to burgeon. Admittedly I wanted to show off, to compete with North's magnificant, epic driving, but the halting flow of my tongue was a genuine impulse, to extend myself beyond the island of the Dormobile with its word-games, the impenetrable ritual of Victor Latimer (who had on one occasion actually disappeared in a snowstorm to visit Beethoven's house in Bonn, then turning up nonchalantly in Heidelberg for rolls and coffee), and Mrs. Spencer's succulent geography.

I was, in fact, hated for this Italian, and North would refer to any group of desperate Latins as "some of your family." Help in hotels, restaurants, or road catastrophes was pushed aside. Some months ago, in Spain, a friend of mine had invented a name for the truly basic international language of Europe, "DESPERANTO," divided up into (1) Whore's Desperanto, (2) Waiter's Desperanto, (3) Tourist Desperanto, (4) Linguist's Desperanto. Every member of the party spoke some form of this language, composed of motto French, Latin tags, and very loudly-shouted English. Mine was (4). I was rather horrified to discover, after many of my own fairly subtle conversations, that their own language was almost completely understood, and I didn't speak another word of Italian until we reached Taormina.

When we arrived in Florence the snow had gone. To no one else but Mrs. Spencer did Florence mean Florence, the rest of us were dilettantes. She forced her daughter, Reg, and me to walk the town by night, shiver by the Arno, and suddenly stand, pierced by the toy-like sublimity of Giotto's Campanile. Then back to the drinking in the secret society of North and Betty. Where was I in the hierarchy? Nowhere, neither here nor there. I am supposed to be a professional in the dangerous craft of writing, but I do not know the people I know, because I dare not, because boredom or dislike or fear make poor companions. Violet Smith would marry a sturdy man in South Africa, but she wanted a short film-tea with a Roman Prince, to eat octopus, and see Etna erupt. She was a fine, natural, healthy girl, just right for the trip, and everybody liked her. Reg was the most interesting and the most unpredictable of them all. He appeared, and undoubtedly was, a humble man. He asked questions about electricity supplies, vegetation, the height of buildings, and then faded away in a dying titter, like a clown with a brutal audience. He even cleaned my shoes and washed my shirt with Austrian detergent, but frequently he said strange things in a low voice, there was a slightly sinister grouping of words. "What?" I would ask. "Nothing. Nothing," he would answer. "The things I say . . . I'll make myself disliked in the van . . ."—and there he was again, fading away into the Italian night. On viewing Vesuvius, he drew me aside and peered at me through his spectacles. "Just like the picture-postcards," he said, ready to disappear at a moment's notice. Did he mean this? I doubted it, and at the very moment I was struck by his resemblance to photographs I had seen of the young James Joyce. "Just," I said, defensively. "I'm afraid I know nothing of Europe," he said, backing, "I live in my brother's house and study football. Not that I like football so much, but there is nothing else to do, is there?" "No," I answered, putting my hand on his shoulder, although I sensed he was dangerous in some way I couldn't define. For the next four days he studied Italian from a Hugo's phrase-book, and could ask for soap, envelopes, and the time.

Mrs. Spencer's daughter, Sarah, was the one I felt most in sympathy with. North and Betty did not like approaching places or events, they sat down in the middle of them and shouted for waiters and tunes. Sarah and I, on the contrary, did. The past and the future glittered in every new constellation of lights, and both of us longed to stop in Paestum among the temples. I had been there

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as a boy, accompanied by my mother, and sharply remembered an afternoon of bees and golden stone far away from the ink and sweat of Anglo-Saxon boys and the grim caw of rooks. We both prevailed on North to stop there. "It'll be a town," said North. "I suppose there's a town," I said, but I couldn't remember. When we arrived, late at night, we found only a few houses, but an elderly man in an old green uniform got into the van and took us to an empty holiday-camp hostel, four to a bed, and bottles of Falernian on the dining-table. Suddenly, hours and hours later, an owl's cry from dawn, I discovered that only Sarah and I were in the room. We both got up from the table and walked into a warm wind-change of the night; we could hear the sea singing in our ears. "We can't see the temples," said Sarah. "No," I said. "We'll see them to-morrow." "To-morrow," she said. We floundered through mud, drawn by the voluptuous cry of the sea, on and on, among old iron and brambles, and returned to the hostel.

An old woman was standing in the dining-room, rocking to and fro on her heels. Her eyes opened, she disappeared, and came back with a bottle of Falernian. She opened it, put two glasses and the bottle in our hands, and silently led us upstairs to an empty room. There was a huge bed covered with a purple quilt. The old woman pointed to the bed and spoke a few words in Desperanto (No. 2). "Not go *in* the bed," she said, and quietly left the room, but she left behind the old sun and the moon and the grapes of Italy. We could hear the imperious hymn of the sea. Early in the morning, just at dawn, we all got in the van and drove south without a glimpse of the temples. "It's better that way," said North at sixty miles an hour. "The idea's the thing."

SOUTH to Calabria is all mountains and sudden brushes with cliffs hugged by a lapis lazuli sea of exquisite pagan delight. ("I've painted better blues than that in Cornwall," said Mrs. Spencer.) For lunch we stopped at a hill-top villa-inn with a derelict orchard of tangerine trees hanging lanterns of fruit, and a shabby Riviera of flowers. There was a small shop selling sausage, cheese, and bread, and behind the counter a furious, shouting boy trying to imitate our awkward, top-heavy accents. Outside in a rocking-chair sat an old man with a beard. He had the face of a man who had killed many people and seemed at great peace, almost immediately discussing New York, in an unfathomable way, with North and Betty. Olives and wine were set on the table by the patron, a bald man who also seemed content, although, a year or two previously, he had had his throat cut, and his voice issued, like a dim oracle, from some tiny cavern in his body. He showed himself particularly friendly to me and laughed, metallically, at every word I said to him.

We crossed on the ferry to Messina. It was night and the lights of the two lands shimmered, re-crossed and doubled themselves in the water, the sirens of pleasure and pain called from the quays. Which Sicily would one have? Victor disappeared to the engines, and we all stood on the top deck watching the manœuvres, and, I was aware, most of us were thinking about money and listening to the rattling of impending spectres. When we reached Messina we stayed at a small hotel near a marshalling yard, and although the town had a cold and forbidding air, the people were very friendly. In the morning, early, we left for Taormina. North and Betty had spent the night in clubs, and hadn't been able to keep away a dangerous-looking man who brought bottles of brandy into the van and finally slept in it. "The clubs in Messina are sinister," said North, "and it is obvious that the town is a sort of clearing-house or main office for the Mafia in New York and Chicago. A sort of recruiting centre. We didn't see a single individual who had ever had a nice, comforting thought in his head, although in the end all were suddenly generous, after they had stabbed our backs for a very long hour with their steely eyes." Victor had also been about in the cold, black town, and he seemed very satisfied. "The best place of all," he said, with a quick, pale smile.

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We climbed up to Taormina. Years ago, before the last war, I had visited it with a rich friend of very mixed nationality, intimate with the Vatican, Roman society, and the press. It had been late spring, and the over-publicised townlet and the enormous gleaming sea had glowed with preposterous beauty. Germans on coal-ticket exchange yearned over the views, snapped cameras, an arm around their pregnant ladies. Strauss uncoiled from the restaurants. One of the many photographic shops, *La Rusticana*, had water-colours and landscape photographs in the windows, but was actually the headquarters of the young white slave trade of the region. The Etna district is famed for pure ancient Greek stock, and poor landowners were ready to sell their Athenian-style children to visiting millionaires for "adoption." In a room behind *La Rusticana* photographs could be inspected, introductions and terms arranged. But all this had presumably changed, *La Rusticana* had changed hands and only exhibited rather mediocre paintings of the district which were, however, speedily bought.

We arranged for lodging and food: Victor far away at the edge of the town, North and Betty in the van, and the rest of us in a small, comfortable pension kept by a Swiss lady and her ornamental husband. The nearest bar to the pension was our headquarters, filled with mock-fishermen, photographers, aquarellists, and certain kinds of non-commissioned officers in magnificent uniforms. We drank large quantities of wine, grappa, amara, strega, and totted them up with the patron. The confusion of debts was alarming, and we were, by now, completely conscious that no one had any money at all except Violet Smith and Mrs. Spencer. It was impossible to exploit a young girl like Violet on the edge of her first Mediterranean dream, but Mrs. Spencer was a different sort of victim. Indeed she explained it all herself. "When I decided to embark on this wild sort of trip, at my age, I imagined most of the contingencies. I consider myself lucky in the company, possibly all travellers are nice." So she paid the bills on the bar, and we went to a night-club, and North taught the band to play *Tip-toe through the tulips with me.*

North was not at all unsophisticated, but he had as Victor said on one occasion, "blinkers on," the world was the garden of a casual upper-class friend where you could leave your half-finished glass on a statue and ignore the views and the roses. He was a sort of unpractical realist, and he should have known better than to choose Taormina for a week's holiday. We were all irritated by it, except for Violet and Reg. I had reached a pitch of nervous explosion, and one night I shouted at Reg over the pension dinner-table, loaded with the regional dishes of Andermatt and Lucerne. I had heard a muttered group of words under his breath which had succeeded in undermining my confidence. His humble features had suddenly hardened into the flat triangle of a snake, pointing at me over the dish of sauerkraut. It is easy to undermine my confidence, any man in the corner can do it, there is something fascinating about all our inadequacy. Suddenly Violet shouted at me, Sarah and Mrs. Spencer left the room, and Reg, picking up a small pile of picture-postcards, flowed quietly out of the room like a successful confidential clerk.

It was conflicting, too, with Sarah. Everybody is equipped with some sort of radar, some kind of extra-sensory perception, but mine is often defective. Together, we made many friends, white teeth open in those un-English, volcanic Sicilian smiles, and I always imagined that the gift of wine, the lift in the car, the free entry to the night-clubs, was slightly due to some ageing charm, my early Sicilian pilgrimage. But it wasn't. The wine poured, the car door slammed, and the voyage climbed into a dizzy, hopeless climb to impending rape. The discreet waiter who ushered us softly into the club, edged passionate Desperanto to Sarah under the star-hung palm tree, and Taormina subsided into the hopeless Mediterranean anti-climax of winter starvation. We ran away. We took the train to the mountain village of Enna, where, after sunsets, the sky is purple as a fallen grape and there is a frame of witches.

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WHEN we returned on the bus to Taormina, we walked up the main street and passed the *Rusticana* art gallery. There was an exhibition of new paintings, sky, olives, cosy white villas, nostalgic summer sea. We gazed at them for a minute or two, laughing, and arrived at the bar near the pension. "They're back," cried North. Everybody was there, plunged in deep, silent depression. The next day we were supposed to leave. "There's an enormous bill behind the bar, in the club, God knows where," said North. "All is lost," said Reg, with a titter, then subsiding. "All was nearly lost," said Mrs. Spencer. "What do you mean?" I asked her. "Did you pass the *Rusticana*?" she said. "Yes," said Sarah. "Did you see the new paintings?" continued Mrs. Spencer. "Certainly," I said. "Well, they were mine," she said.

She rose, undid her handbag, took out a sheaf of notes, and approached the counter. Reg's face edged to mine. "I say," he said softly. "Do you think we've all behaved well?"

Out of Reach

Heather rusts dry on the hot brow of the cliff—
The crested waves skip into the bay
Like small birds flocking, claws flicking;
Nearby, two inches from my eye,
A caterpillar bows a green grass-stem
And my eye fumbles with its padded links or at once
Sweeps down and up the gorge. It's hot;
The land stands paddling in its sweat;
And my sweat dries firm. With the cliff solid
And the sun solid on my back I am on my own
And the wind presses me back, but all around
Is sheer evidence of the suicide of the land:
Sliced gorges spouting brine. I'm all right

(Except by poring bushes at the very brink
Of blackberries, that trip the tongue
On cobbled tartness bounding down
Or syrups seeping into space).

Peter Redgrove

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Richard Lowenthal

The Points of the Compass

Our thinking about world affairs has come more and more to revolve around the relation between the familiar East-West conflict and that other complex of problems which somebody has termed the "North-South struggle:" the pressure of the under-developed have-not nations, with their new pride of independence and their rapidly growing populations, to obtain both more material aid for their own development and more influence on the world stage.

In both cases, we are dealing with the impact of revolutionary social changes and ideologies on the balance of forces in the world and the prospects of peace or war; yet the two movements concerned—totalitarian Communism on one side and revolutionary nationalism on the other—remain distinct in their nature and effect.

Monistic minds, of course, are forever trying to "simplify" the issue by telling us that the one set of conflicts "really" is a part of the other, or at any rate ought to be. To the Communist doctrinaire, the rise of the new nations is just part of the world-wide struggle against capitalist imperialism, and must naturally be carried on under the guidance of the "socialist camp" headed by the Soviet Union. Just so, to some last-ditch defenders of colonial rule and "white supremacy," all movements for national independence and racial equality among the peoples of Asia and Africa appear as the result of "Communist machinations"—at least when they first manifest themselves. Conversely, we may be told by well-meaning Leftists that all our troubles with Communist Russia and China are just due to the natural desire of these late-comer nations for "a place in the sun," which is not basically different from the equivalent desire of, say, India; while hopeful conservatives (reported to include President de Gaulle) see the tensions between advanced, increasingly comfortable, Russia and lean and hungry China as part of the world-wide "North-South" pattern, and look to a re-alignment of Russia with the old industrial nations of the West in a common effort to control and civilise the have-not upsurge.

The common error of all these attempts to reduce all the world's troubles to a single formula, to group all the conflicts along a single East-West or North-South axis, is that they underestimate the effectiveness and persistence of human beliefs fanatically held, and hence the crucial importance of the presence or absence of totalitarian Communist ideology for the nature of any particular conflict. But besides the error, there is in all these simplified ideas of the contemporary world also the perception—now dim, now more distinct—of an important truth: that the Communist and Nationalist revolutions of our time, however different in their nature and impact, originate from broadly similar historical and social situations—that they are, in a sense, alternative responses to these situations.

In fact, all those Communist movements which have conquered power wholly or chiefly by their own efforts—those of Russia, Yugoslavia, China, and Vietnam—have done so in societies which were faced with unsolved development problems in various stages. All of them have conceived Communism not merely as a means to achieve an earthly paradise of social justice, but to catch up with the advanced industrial countries and overtake them; and it is now generally recognised that their methods have proved remarkably successful in approaching the latter, though not the former objective. It is, above all, as an engine for the forced modernisation of an underdeveloped society that Communism is to-day admired by large sections of the intelligentsia of the new nations, while it is the peculiar price of using that engine—

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in ideology, in institutions of permanent totalitarian rule, and in subjection to Soviet imperialism—which repels many of them.

The real link between the future course of the East-West conflict and the rise of the new nations, the key to the influence they are bound to exert on each other, thus lies in the choice of a road of development confronting the Nationalist movements and the intelligentsia as their leading stratum. The crucial questions are: (1) Which are the factors in the situation of an underdeveloped country that favour a totalitarian solution to its problems? (2) What are the practicable alternatives? And (3) What influence is one or the other choice likely to have both on the country's internal evolution and on its relations with the outside world?

THESE questions form the underlying theme of Professor Hugh Seton-Watson's study of the post-war world. Contrary to its somewhat misleading title,* this is not just another survey of the Cold War, but a thoughtful and original discussion of the totalitarian and Nationalist revolutionary forces which in the author's view now form much of the stuff of world politics. Its reader will not find, *e.g.*, any systematic account of the course and motivations of American foreign policy since the last war, but a wealth of information on the world's crisis areas and the history of revolutionary movements in Asia, Africa, and Latin America as well as on the Soviet Empire.

It would be futile as well as presumptuous for me to attempt to summarise the contents of this storehouse of historical and social facts, or to try to give an idea of the sober independence of judgment and massive good sense which Professor Seton-Watson brings to bear on many concrete and critical issues. I prefer to be unfair to his work, and to concentrate on the argument of those central chapters, dealing with the forces of revolution and the nature of totalitarianism, which have a direct and general bearing on the problem of the crucial choice facing the underdeveloped countries.

This argument centres on the role of the "intelligentsia" in these countries—the group which has been torn from its traditional moorings by a secular, "Westernised" education, but cannot merge its identity, as did their Western predecessors at a corresponding stage of development, in a rising, individualist middle class, because the other elements of that middle class —private entrepreneurs and a modern civil service—are largely lacking. On the contrary, in some of the underdeveloped countries many of the younger, professionally trained officers are by social origin and outlook an extension of this new group, an "intelligentsia in uniform." It is this group which first becomes aware of the backwardness of its country and the poverty of its people, having learned to measure both by the standards of the advanced countries, and which, acting both from a "populist" sense of obligation to the people and from frustrated individual and collective ambition, becomes the leader of revolutionary movements for modernisation.

Professor Seton-Watson points out that such a development is not inevitable. Where the ruling group of a country succeeds in combining thoroughgoing modernising reform from above with the preservation of traditional authority, as in the Japan of the *Meiji* era after 1868, the new intelligentsia may be integrated in the new state and come to form part of a new upper stratum with its bureaucrats and state-licensed capitalists. At the same time, a thoughtful educational policy that takes care to develop elementary village schools at the same pace as the training of the intellectual élite may avoid the yawning gap between the latter and the common people characteristic of so many underdeveloped countries. But such favourable conditions have only exceptionally been realised under a régime that retained some continuity with the past. In general, the intelligentsia is kept out in the cold as long as possible and correspondingly radicalised, be it by an independent autocracy of the traditional type or by foreign "imperialist" rulers. Hence when it comes to power, it does so at the head of a popular movement directed against the former régime—either after a direct revolutionary clash, or where this is avoided by timely withdrawal of the colonial suzerain, at least with a revolutionary ideology.

In most cases, then, a revolutionary-minded intelligentsia will sooner or later take charge of the modernisation of an underdeveloped country, whether ex-colonial or not. Professor Seton-Watson points out that resentment of traditional Western influence and real or alleged exploitation, impatience to catch up and get powerful quickly, and lack of understanding for the importance of limiting the exercise of power by objective legal standards and for the value of

* H. R. Seton-Watson: *Neither War nor Peace. The struggle for power in the post-war world.* Methuen. 36s.

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tolerance for divergent opinions are likely to exert great influence on the mentality of such a group, and to make it incline towards uncritical admiration of the totalitarian Communist recipe for rapid modernisation which has proved so strikingly successful in terms of power. He is, of course, well aware of such non-totalitarian Nationalist revolutions as that which created Kemalist Turkey, and of the fact that the final orientation of the revolutionary régimes created by the "Intelligentsia in uniform" in the Middle East, or of the Nationalist movements that have lately taken over some of the former African colonies, is still open. But he offers no general reasons why a modernistic, "populist" intelligentsia, once it has embarked on the road of revolution, should be likely to reject totalitarianism.

Yet as so much of the future is seen to hinge on this question, it seems worth while to enquire whether another approach might not yield a more definite answer. Instead of starting from the intellectual and psychological profile of the Nationalist intelligentsia, let us have a look at the task confronting them—the problem of "development" itself.

AN UNDERDEVELOPED country is not one whose people suffer from an innate, biological lack of aptitude for industry and modern organisation; nor is it one, as the opposite legend maintains, whose people have been forcibly prevented from developing these aptitudes by foreign imperialist rule. An underdeveloped country is one whose traditional society did not allow the growth of sufficiently strong independent middle classes—the classes which in the West were the main promoters of the accumulation of capital, the creation of industrial enterprise, and the growth of a spirit of rational industrial discipline.

If such a country is exposed to the impact of Western capitalism from without, as almost all of them were successively in the past two centuries, its traditional social order is disrupted, but no functioning modern industrial society is automatically created in its place. Foreign enterprise may develop some extractive industries or export crops, but there will be no all-round growth of industry or improvement of agriculture. The subsistence economy of the countryside with its cottage industries may be ruined by the need for money payments and the import of cheap industrial goods, but no corresponding employment opportunities arise automatically for the rural overpopulation. Traditional beliefs are undermined by the impact of events rather than by missionary activity, but the ideas imported by Western missionaries or secular educators have no obvious relation to either the traditions of the country or its actual problems. Before, life may have been stagnant and poor if viewed from the outside, but it had a meaning that was understandable in terms of home-grown culture. Now this meaning, the assured role in society, is lost for millions at the same time as their material security. As a result, some may be richer, some poorer than before; most will have a longer life, if a colonial régime introduces modern medical methods; but nearly all will feel more miserable.

These effects are generally worse in countries which are open to the disruptive foreign impact without being colonised, than in countries where the "imperialists" take governmental responsibility: China and India are the classical examples. After the breakdown of the traditional order, the colonial power may ensure public security, health, a measure of education, the training of a civil service. But no colonial power in the age of *laissez-faire* ever dreamt of creating a new social order; none tackled the problem of all-round economic development.

The task of solving that problem, then, devolved on the Nationalist movements. It could, in the circumstances, only be attacked by public action—above all, public action of three kinds:

> (1) a policy of forced saving to raise funds for development which might in favourable circumstances be combined with foreign loans or aid;
>
> (2) a policy of state-directed investment, to ensure placing of these limited funds in such a way that all-round development would result, including such tasks as road-building or canalisation as well as immediately profitable tasks, power as well as consumer goods, agricultural improvement as well as technical and administrative training; and
>
> (3) the promotion of a cultural revolution to make people work-minded and development-minded, to tap human reserves by the emancipation of women, to overcome the countless obstacles to disciplined rational effort resulting from traditional superstition—in short, to achieve what reformation, counter-reformation, and enlightenment combined achieved over centuries in the West, and to do so in the atmosphere of a demoralising breakdown of tradition.

The achievement of these tasks is impossible with the methods of a liberal economy: if conditions were such that a liberal economy could work, the country would not have remained underdeveloped in the first place. It is extremely

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difficult in a liberal democracy, because it requires the concentration of a great deal of economic and social power in the state, and the constant taking of decisions which impose sacrifices and hurt many interests: the less the foreign aid and the greater the need for forced savings, the less likely is democracy to succeed. Finally, it requires the predominant role of an officially-favoured ideology, which in the circumstances can only be a secular ideology, to bring about the cultural revolution.

CONSIDER now, in the light of the foregoing, the attractions of Communist totalitarianism for an underdeveloped country. In its Stalinist form, the Communist ideology has been specifically adjusted to deal with the problem of forced modernisation. It justifies a ruthless policy of forced savings in the name of "socialist industrialisation." It proclaims the superiority of planned investment by the state over *laissez-faire*. Finally, it furnishes the militant faith needed for the cultural revolution, with its materialist attack on traditional superstition, its glorification of dedicated, disciplined work for the community, its emphasis on production as the highroad to national power and individual liberation from misery. It invests the uprooting of traditional life, the frightening impact of social and technical change, the bitterness of years of sacrifice with a meaning. And, last not least, it justifies all the privileges a self-appointed but dedicated élite may require.

Thus, Communist totalitarianism does not only appeal to some of the prejudices and *ressentiments* of the Nationalist intelligentsia: it points a precise path for their modernising ambitions and offers a ready-made secular faith for enlisting the obedience of the masses. Yet there are also obvious drawbacks: they spring in part from the doctrinaire rigidity inherent in any totalitarian ideology, and in part from its links with Soviet imperialism.

An underdeveloped country that wants to plan for rapid development may need nationalising *powers* against recalcitrant domestic and foreign capitalists; it will not necessarily *wish* to drive out the few native industrialists it has. It may find the expropriation of absentee landowners vital to its purposes; it will hardly find the experience of collectivisation attractive. It may be both proud to get a heavy industry of its own and convinced of its genuine economic necessity; yet it may think twice before giving its development absolute priority over the need to improve agricultural yields or textile supplies for a rapidly growing population. A commitment to Communism would deprive its leaders of much, if not all, of their freedom of choice in these matters.

Again, a "populist" revolutionary intelligentsia about to take power in an underdeveloped country, however sincere in its desire to serve its people and raise their standard of living, may not be anxious to pledge itself to achieve a "classless society." Depending on the background of its national culture, it may find it unnecessary to prepare future trouble for itself by preaching a utopian doctrine. Yet without such a doctrine with its implied need for permanent revolution, it may find it possible to constitute itself openly as a bureaucratic élite while avoiding the specific form of totalitarian party rule, and to conduct the propaganda of the cultural revolution by other means.

Finally, while the Nationalist élites frequently start with a background of anti-Western emotions, nothing in their records suggests that they have an unconquerable aversion to Western economic aid, or even to Western private investments if offered in accordance with their laws and in the framework of their plans. Their natural preference is for taking aid from both sides while rejecting political interference from either. But the Communist dogma, with its basic assumption of irreconcilable conflict with the non-Communist world, justifies modernisation by the road of maximum sacrifice—the road of absolute priority for heavy industry—precisely on the ground that every other procedure would entail prolonged dependence on "the enemy." Even now, the Russians accuse the West of trying to keep the new nations backward and dependent by offering them help for agricultural improvement and consumer goods industries. With greater truth, we might suggest that they are seeking to create dependence on their empire, as well as on internal dictatorship, by seeking to commit these countries to lop-sided concentration on slowly-maturing goods, and to pre-empt their exports for years ahead as repayment for their loans.

Altogether, the advantages of an undoctrinaire approach to development planning, of an avoidance of egalitarian promises of a utopian type, and of keeping a new nation uncommitted in a divided world, are so striking that they go far to explain why, in most of the new nations, the initial attitude of the majority of the intelligentsia at any rate is *not* a truly

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totalitarian one—why their admiration for Communist achievements is in fact as eclectic as it is widespread.

It is precisely this eclecticism—the conscious, critical imitation of some features of the Communist model of modernisation, coupled with the equally conscious rejection of others—that constitutes the only practicable alternative to full-scale, ideological totalitarianism in many of these countries. Neither traditionalism nor imitation of Western institutions on a different stage of development offer such alternatives.

Traditionalist régimes are in many cases either unwilling or unable to embark on a serious programme of economic development; hence they become more vulnerable to revolutionary movements as the disruptive impact of the modern world makes itself felt from outside. Even where such a régime makes a determined effort at economic development with a reasonable degree of efficiency, it may find itself decisively handicapped by inability or unwillingness to enlist the loyal and responsible co-operation of the intelligentsia. And in the exceptional case where the intelligentsia is for a time successfully integrated in a régime combining traditional authority with modernistic policy, the alliance is apt to prove unstable because the roots of authority itself are being eaten away by the growth of a modern, secular society, until they can no longer withstand any serious shock. The vulnerability of social stagnation is illustrated to-day by the case of Iran that of modernisation without co-operation of the intelligentsia by the fate of Nuri's Iraq and the present difficulties of South Vietnam while the instability of intelligentsia integration under traditional authority is shown by the contrast between the remarkable achievement of the first sixty years of modern Japan (used as an example for successful non-revolutionary modernisation by Professor Seton-Watson) and the pre-war and post-war sequel.

As for the attempt to imitate Western liberal democratic institutions under different conditions, it may have a measure of success in the special case where a strong tradition of respect for law and individual rights coincides with the stabilising force of a virtually uncontested forward-looking national leadership, as in Nehru's India. Even there it is at least an open question whether the use made of these institutions by vested interests to slow down urgent economic and social reform measures will not undermine them to a dangerous degree. Elsewhere, the sincere defenders of Western democratic ideals are apt to suffer the fate of the Mensheviks, like Dr. Sjarihr in Indonesia; while the more power-conscious imitators of Western parliamentary forms tend to create a caricature which is unable either to cope with the problems of modernisation or to win and hold the allegiance of the intelligentsia and the masses, as may be seen in South Korea and the Philippines.

Given the magnitude of the problem of modernisation, and the obvious weaknesses of most traditional or pseudo-liberal régimes, the remarkable phenomenon is not so much the prevalence of revolutionary ferment in so many underdeveloped countries, but the fact that so comparatively few of the revolutionary movements have been captured by totalitarian ideology. So far from being the "natural" outlook of any revolutionary intelligentsia, totalitarian dogma seems to be adopted by most of its members only as a last resort, when all efforts to gain power with a more independent or eclectic programme of modernisation have proved obviously futile, and when the rising despair of both the intelligentsia and the masses cries out for a vision of secular salvation.

Indeed, the original attitude with which the Nationalist revolutionary intelligentsia first becomes conscious of its mission, and which we have described as "eclectic" from the viewpoint of the practical tasks of modernisation, is based on an ideological outlook of its own—an outlook which Professor Seton-Watson, in a happy analogy with the familiar history of the Russian revolutionary movement of the 19th century, has described as "populist." The common characteristic of all populist ideologies and movements is the search for a synthesis between the basic values on which the traditional culture of the society in question was founded and the need for modernisation. In contrast to the traditionalist régimes and movements, the populist intelligentsia is aware that these values can only be preserved by a radical reinterpretation and in a transformed institutional framework. In contrast to the bearers of alien, totalitarian ideas or to spiritually uprooted "Westernisers," it feels that those specific values must be preserved if the cultural revolution is not to lead to a nihilistic destruction of the common culture of their society, but is to have the invigorating effect of a true Reformation.

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This populist formula covers such diverse attempts at ideological synthesis and practical eclecticism as are represented by the Buddhist-Marxist régime in Burma, the Indonesian Nationalists, or the Egyptian Council of the Revolution. They all correspond to the deeply-felt need to adopt Western rational techniques of production and power while preserving what is viable in the traditional culture—they are attempts to react to the "schism in the soul" brought about by the impact of modern conditions from outside. There is nothing inherently unrealistic in such an attempt, as the example of Russian populism might suggest at a superficial glance; for it may well be argued that the Russian Bolsheviks ultimately succeeded only by accepting the same task and transforming their Western Marxism in accordance with certain specifically Russian traditions. But particular attempts may well fail either because their exponents prove naïve and unrealistic in the execution of their programme, or because they are successfully kept from power by the defenders of the old régime until disruption and despair have so far advanced that the totalitarians appear to offer the only solution.

In fact, the earlier the stage in the disintegration of the traditional order in which the revolutionary intelligentsia comes to power, and the smoother its path has been made by the previous régime, the less likely does it seem to embrace totalitarian dogma. Moreover, experience suggests that the Communist type of totalitarian movement can only win power if circumstances permit it successfully to appropriate the nationalist element in the populist tradition, and if its leaders have gained a degree of tactical independence from Soviet "advice" which has hitherto been exceptional. The only true Communist revolutions which have so far gained power outside Russia's sphere of military domination—those of Yugoslavia, China, and North Vietnam—have all been led by men who, thanks to unusual circumstances, had succeeded in emancipating themselves from Russian leading strings in the actual conduct of their struggle, and who had used this freedom of movement to capture the leadership of a national uprising against invading or colonial powers. The record hardly suggests that such a course is typical, let alone inevitable for the revolutionary movements of underdeveloped countries, or for the intelligentsia as their leading stratum.

This is not to say that the non-totalitarian régimes of the revolutionary intelligentsia, whether civilian or military, whether semi-democratic or dictatorial, will not commit many costly blunders due to emotionalism and inexperience, or will be models of stability. The Kemalist régime in Turkey committed some appalling acts of cruelty, and by the time it handed over power in a genuinely free election it still had not created a stable foundation for democracy (as we have recently had occasion to note). The régime of the Thakins in Burma—perhaps the most tolerant and democratic of the intelligentsia régimes—at first nearly foundered in civil war, and later had to be rescued from its internal intrigues by a period of military rule. We may yet see similar crises in some of the newly-independent states of Africa. Yet looking back, the remarkable thing about both the Turkish and the Burmese cases is that they have succeeded in creating a sense of growing national unity and legitimacy which has outlasted the crises, and in the process seem to have largely immunised their peoples against totalitarian ideas.

The reason for that success seems to be that these régimes have convinced their peoples that a genuine and independent effort was being made, in however blundering a fashion, to solve their problems of survival in a rapidly changing world by planned modernisation. It is in that sense that those régimes are a practicable alternative to totalitarianism. It follows that I warmly agree with Professor Seton-Watson's conclusion that the Western powers should not worry too much whether a particular régime in such a country is democratic in the sense of Western liberal democracy, but be content if it is non-totalitarian, and above all not tied to the Soviet bloc. Yet I should go farther than he does in saying that we have a positive interest in fostering modernising régimes committed to planned development rather than régimes of tradition stagnation, and régimes working with the nationalist intelligentsia rather than those working against it, even if the former do not stick to the forms of parliamentary democracy and the latter do. And I should base this recommendation not on the Left-wing ideological grounds that economic planning is "socialism" and socialism is more important than democracy (I happen to think that there can be no socialism without democracy, and that there is none in Communist countries), but on the pragmatic grounds that such planning is urgent for freeing the people of these countries from abysmal poverty and at the same time keeping

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them out of the clutches of the Soviet bloc. Democracy and socialism may come later.

But, the reader may well ask, if you are prepared to compromise and co-operate with "development dictatorships," what then is your objection to totalitarianism? This question of the difference between totalitarian and other dictatorships has been treated in masterly fashion in Professor Seton-Watson's book. Here I can only pick out a few salient points.

The first is that totalitarian dictatorship recognises no private sphere outside its grasp—that it aspires to total power as a means to achieve a total transformation of man and society. Every dictatorship ignores constitutional limitations of state power; totalitarianism ignores *all* limitations. Every dictatorship suppresses organised opposition and public criticism; totalitarian dictatorship suppresses all forms of autonomous organisation and all independent sources of information, permitting only those that directly and positively serve the purposes of the ruling party. This follows from the need to make people not only submit to the government's policies, but to compel their active and enthusiastic participation in the changes planned for their lives: not only the economic and social, but the cultural revolution is to be enforced by the ruthless use of political power.

In the second place, the totalitarian dictatorship seeks to perpetuate itself indefinitely, because its ideological aim can never be fully achieved. It does not justify itself by the transitory need to overcome an acute crisis or to solve a definite task of modernisation, but by the mission to usher in "the end of pre-history"—heaven on earth. It is based not simply on the downfall of traditional authority under the impact of secularisation, but on its replacement by a secular religion, a political messianism that is to end all evil among men by institutional means. There is, of course, no guarantee that dictatorships that proclaim a transitory purpose will abdicate when this purpose has been fulfilled, but it is no accident that a number of them have done so after longer or shorter periods. Yet as the example of Russia and now China shows, a dictatorship that sets itself chiliastic aims can always find a new task to justify its continuation—it tends to make the revolution permanent.

Lastly, the claims of totalitarian ideology are in its nature world-wide; hence totalitarian dictatorships live in irreconcilable conflict with any state that does not recognise that claim. While that conflict need not in every phase be fought out by violent means, and need not lead to world war in any phase, it does produce a state of permanent tension with the non-totalitarian world in which all means may be used according to expediency—whether at any particular moment that state of tension may be labelled "peaceful coexistence" or "cold war." Since at present the Soviet bloc is the only totalitarian power bloc in the world, we are forced to live in such a state of permanent, world-wide conflict with the Soviet bloc—whether we like it or not.

But we are not forced to live in a similar state of permanent conflict with every national revolution or nationalist dictatorship in an underdeveloped country, even if its rulers begin their work of independent modernisation with a strong traditional distrust of the "imperialist" West. On the contrary, it is our interest to help those countries to achieve their goals of economic development as quickly and with as little sacrifice as possible, so as to provide no cause for the distrust to harden into permanent ideological hostility.

The tension between "North and South" is bound to diminish as the underdeveloped countries catch up, and "South" automatically comes to resemble "North" economically. The conflict between East and West can only disappear if the totalitarian, ideologically dominated régimes disappear, for only then will "East" come to resemble "West" politically.

That is the difference between the points of the compass.

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Goronwy Rees

The Green

Letter from Tunisia

AT MARSEILLES the shadow of a war fell across the harbour. A tug was manœuvring a huge troopship out of the port; khaki-clad conscripts were crowded shoulder to shoulder on its decks as the ship turned slowly under a gloomy sky. There were no flags, no cheering, no friends or relatives to wave good-bye at the dockside; it was simply a normal military operation, too familiar to arouse either interest or enthusiasm, an incident in the greatest colonial war in the world to-day, employing nearly half-a-million men to suppress a revolt which can hardly put into the field a tenth of that number. The conscripts stood silently on the troop-decks, which towered above us; they reminded one of those other conscripts of the first World War, of whom Siegfried Sassoon wrote:

Most went glumly through it,
Dumbly doomed to rue it.

The troopship, mournful symbol of dying colonialism, followed us out of the harbour, past the mole and the Chateau d'If, until our courses diverged; we watched its smoke fading in the distance and then went below, depressed by so brutal a demonstration that Europe is at war with Africa.

IT WAS right that, at the beginning of our holiday, the sight of the troopship in the harbour at Marseilles should remind us so sharply of what is happening in Algeria; perhaps otherwise we should not have appreciated so keenly the contrast between Algeria and Tunis. Algeria seems a proof of what follies and cruelties nations will commit in order to protect what they call their "interests" and during our holiday there was to be further evidence that in the South as well as the North of Africa white men are not fit to have power over coloured peoples. So much so that one's joy and exhilaration at setting foot in Africa for the first time were overcast by the feeling that one was entering on the scene of a vast tragedy, very late in the day indeed, but not too late for the opening of the last act, as bloodstained and murderous as the last act of some play by Tourneur Massinger. And when one felt like this, one seemed to see the whole vast African landscape as a series of magnificent drop-scenes against which white men continued to play out to the last moment their fatal and murderous roles.

Yet even so, when twenty-four hours later we at last came in sight of the coast of Africa, which I had so long and so often wanted to visit, forebodings of this kind could not restrain the strange feeling of joy which the sight of that fabulous coastline provoked; it was as if for a moment I was really going to see all the dream landscapes that had filled my mind ever since first I had read *King Solomon's Mines*. Of course this was absurd; the hills which began to emerge out of the morning mist bore no relation to the steaming tropical forests through which Allan Quartermaine hacked his way. But even as I reproved myself for my absurdity I realised, with a shock of surprise, that neither did they have anything of the savage, arid quality with which the words *North Africa* are associated in my mind; they were low hills, almost pink in the pale fitful sunshine, and their slopes,

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rising from white sandy beaches, were covered with fresh green vegetation, trees, bushes, olive groves, that gave them a cultivated, a human aspect. And now, since we were approaching Tunis, the friendly passenger beside me began to point out the villages along the coast, Sidi-bou-Saïd, where we were to stay, white and glistening on its headland overlooking the sea, and then that succession of suburban resorts which so absurdly and improbably carry the names of Carthage, Salammbo, Amilcar; and finally La Gaulette stretching across the face of the shallow lagoon which divides Tunis from the blue waters of the Gulf.

THE ARABS call Tunisia by a word which means simply *The Green*, and they say that of the peoples of the Maghreb the Moroccans are the lions, the Algerians are the men, and the Tunisians are the women. This is not said with regard to the sexual propensities of the Tunisians, which are as normal, if obsessive, as one could reasonably wish, but to something in their natures which is soft, yielding, feminine, and makes them, certainly to strangers, quite exceptionally polite, friendly, and hospitable. It may be, of course, though it seems improbable, that the smiling handsome faces of the men are only masks which conceal unutterable passions and resentments, or that the women's bright inquisitive eyes, the laughter and giggles which they only half conceal in the folds of their veils are brave pretences to hide their sorrows, but certainly a stranger can detect no evidence of this; to him the Tunisians appear as a people who seem to unite the virtues of good looks, courtesy, and happiness, and this makes even the most superficial contact with them an extremely enjoyable experience.

In the market of Tunis, which is a labyrinth of vaulted passages lying between the modern city and the native quarter, the shopkeepers sit or stand at the entrance to their little shops and offer you their wares as you pass. If you are a foreigner they look at you with an intelligent amiable curiosity, they invite you in and spread their goods before you, carpets, rugs, jewellery, pottery, leather work, and are willing to argue about prices, but amicably, without insistence, and if you do not wish to buy, they will let you go with a deprecating smile as if it is their own wares which are at fault but they know you will not do any better at the price. In the street, sometimes, a child will come and beg from you, but with a cheerful grinning face as if he knows it is all a joke and does not really expect you to be taken in by it. Besides, begging is not approved of; President Bourguiba does not like it and thinks it beneath the dignity of a free people. Once, when we were passing a school, a band of little girls asked us for money. A passer-by took them aside and gravely lectured them on the party line about begging. Soon after, one of them, black-haired, round-eyed, ran after us and presented my wife with a rose she had plucked from the hedge. Instead of begging, which is after all a form of social intercourse with strangers, the children like to air the French which they are taught together with Arabic in the village schools; the flocks of tiny children who flutter like birds in every village street throng round one as one passes, piping birdlike voices cry *Bonjour M'sieu, Bonjour Madame*, and their brown monkey paws are politely offered to you to be shaken.

Tunisia is a very beautiful country, but of all its beauties none is more beautiful than its thousands of children, of every colour and complexion, from Nubian black to the most surprising fair-haired blonde, and often of the most astounding physical perfection. Their bird-cries and smiles and laughter meet one in every street, where they play their own variety of hop-scotch, marking the squares with Roman instead of Arabic numerals, or sit in the sunshine on their front doorsteps studying the exercise books they have brought home with them from school. But if their beauty and their behaviour are a perpetual charm to the visitor, their numbers present their country with a formidable problem; nearly over 50 per cent of the population of Tunisia is under 20 years of age and the rapidly rising birth-rate increases the proportion of the young and the very young every day. And since Tunisia already suffers from

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unemployment and under-employment, these young people are a cause of considerable anxiety for the future and it is not surprising that President Bourguiba repeatedly reminds his people that they have more urgent and pressing problems than those of Pan-Arab nationalism. And yet one cannot help hoping that economic progress will find some other solution to Tunisia's population problem than the restriction of her birth-rate. Her children give Tunisia's streets and villages a wonderful air of happiness and gaiety, and even in the poor districts they seem to offer none of the marks of poverty, disease, and malnutrition which one sees in the children of Spain and Southern Italy.

Only once did we see a child begging with that dreadful seriousness and insistence which betray that it is not a game but a profession. She was a little girl with a tangled mop of blue-black curly hair through which her eyes shone like enormous lakes, and she led by the hand her elder brother, thin and emaciated, and his eyes were covered by the thin scales which are the result of trachoma. It was outside a café in Gabès and she led him from table to table so that each customer in turn might stare at the blind walls of his eyes. We gave them some money so as to be released from that dreadful sightless stare, and when they went away the little girl, chattering with delight, took her brother's thin fingers in her own and made him feel the coins so that he might realise how well they had done that morning.

Ruins and Holy Places

SIDI-BOU-SAÏD lies about ten miles out of Tunis, a white-washed Arab village on the crown of a hill which on one side overlooks the plain that stretches to Tunis and beyond and on the other stares straight out into the immense blue spaces of the Gulf of Tunis. To the south they are enclosed by the mountains of Bou-Kornine and the bare headland of the Cap Bon peninsula, and from here come the rainclouds which everyone looks and hopes for in the spring. When the rain comes, one can see it approaching from Tunis, a heavy curtain of water that advances across the plain and the sea like a creeping barrage until suddenly one is enclosed in a thick hissing downpour which obliterates the view altogether. And then it lifts as suddenly as it came and one sees again the incomparable expanse of sea and land united under a naked blue sky that seems to stretch away to the ends of the universe.

This unity of land and water is one of the most characteristic features of Tunisia. Wherever one is, the sea never seems far away, and as one drives along Tunisia's admirable roads, which are one of the most precious legacies the French have left behind them, at every turn one suddenly catches, through the regular lines of the olive groves, across thorn and poppy-covered sands, over patches of young green corn, a glimpse of the sea to remind one that just as the Sahara to the south is a barrier between Tunis and Africa, so the sea makes her part of the Mediterranean world and a stepping-stone between Africa and Europe.

And indeed it is not only the sea which reminds one of this, so that all the time in Tunisia one finds it hard to believe that one really is in the Africa of to-day, but rather in some Roman province in which the races are inextricably mixed and colour provides no guide to levels of culture or civilisation. About thirty miles out of Tunis, on the flanks of the beautiful bare mountain of Zaghouan, stand the ruins of the little Roman temple of the Nymphae. One drives to it along a road that rises through rolling upland which becomes steadily greener and more fertile as one approaches the sacred spring until, just before one reaches the temple, the road becomes like some country lane in England, shaded from the fierce African sun by thick-leaved overarching trees and one can smell the damp sweet odour of the plants and flowers which cluster at their feet; and almost before one has ceased wondering at this trick of geography, one is at the temple itself, a little semi-circular grey stone colonnade, modest, unassuming and serene, and dedicated to the nymphs of the spring whose waters explain the green fertility of the landscape in which the shrine stands. The air here has a wonder-

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ful sweetness and freshness, the light a shining clarity, as if every impurity had been drained away from them with the centuries, and suddenly one seems to have no difficulty at all in understanding why once the waters of the spring should have been thought holy.

The Romans carried the water of the spring to Tunis along a great aqueduct of which a long section is still standing. Coming back from Zaghouan to Tunis one sees its arches unrolling before one in the distance and since there is nothing to distract the eye from them, they have a nobility and grandeur which they seem to share with the great arch of the sky itself. In the distance the aqueduct looks small; one is surprised only that it is not dwarfed entirely by the spaces of the sky and of the plain in which it stands, but as one draws nearer and drives alongside it, its arches tower above one and one sees the massiveness and solidity of its structure and one suddenly has a sense of shock and surprise that the human hand should be capable of executing so daring and novel a project.

ONE HAS THE SAME SENSE OF SHOCK as one drives along the road that leads from Tunis to Sfax. The road runs straight ahead through the olive groves, and the only variations in its course are the hardly perceptible undulations which carry one from one low rise to another. And from each rise one sees a repetition of what one has seen before; the same olive groves, the same wide sandy plain in which the spring flowers have sprung up overnight, high cactus hedges lining the roadside, patches of young corn, thorn and scrub where hobbled camels are grazing. And then ahead of one, where the road touches the distant horizon, one sees to one's astonishment not the naked skyline, pale blue and hazy, but an object whose outline one can at first scarcely distinguish, yet as one comes nearer and nearer it seems to grow out of the earth until it seems to fill the entire sky and finally reveals itself as the immense Roman amphitheatre of El Djem, as large as the Colosseum at Rome and here in the naked desert offering seating accommodation for sixty-five thousand spectators of the games. At its foot crouches an Arab village whose mud-coloured houses are no higher than a man's head and an open market whose stalls are even lower; by contrast with the three tiers of arches which tower above them, they seem to cling to the ground as if their inhabitants could never credit the presumption of the human beings who built the amphitheatre.

One feels the same sense of wonder again in the ruins of Carthage, where the innumerable little stone coffins which hold the bones of children sacrificed to the horrible Punic religion lie side by side with the remains of the city which the Romans built on the site of the one they had destroyed. Punic and Roman ruins are alike overgrown by flowers and creepers, blue and red and yellow and purple, which blossom after the rain, and the blue waters of the gulf lap the ruins so closely that one feels they will at any moment submerge them. The city stood so close to the water's edge that one might have seen its villas and temples, its baths and colonnades, reflected in its rippling waves, as in the *Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba* of Claude Lorraine; the sea and the ruined city seem to belong to one common element, as if the city's ruined masonry, its broken pillars, were huge shells thrown up by the ocean and its flowers and creepers were part of one of those aqueous gardens that flower beneath the sea.

THE STONES OF CARTHAGE, half African, half Roman, so noble and so pathetic in their ruin, make a strangely tenacious impression on the mind; they suggest images of magnificence and pride and luxury which are at once tantalising and only half understood. One feels aware of some immensely powerful and seductive *genius loci* whose presence is felt equally in the sea and the air and the stones and the flowers, and somehow one feels it quite natural that when a young man in Tunis meets an attractive girl, the first step to seduction is to say: *Avez vous vu les ruines de Carthage?* and if she accepts the implied invitation, the rest can safely be left to the spirit of the place. Its presence is so strong

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that it haunts one and one wants to return there again and again in an effort to penetrate its secret, but in fact one will not find the answer there in the ruins but in the museum at Le Bardot, where first the French and now the Tunisian Governments have preserved the best of what remains of the mosaics and marbles which once gave so much splendour to Carthage. For there, in the series of magnificent mosaics which decorate the walls of the museum, one suddenly sees something of the character of the life which seems to whisper so mysteriously to one from the sea-bound ruins by the shore; a Roman villa fronting the sea, long and low and straggling, like an English country house, with its stables and dovecots and gardens and vineries; a hunting scene in which hunter and hunted, wild boar, leopard, tiger, seem to belong to a common species; gods, goddesses, mythological beasts, men furred and bearded like animals, palaces, temples, villas, all the fruits of the earth, a great cornucopia of pleasure and luxury, bland, smiling, and yet never far from savagery; and most of all the sea, washing the steps of palaces and villas, populated by fishes and dolphins, seahorses, tritons, mermaids, marine deities, carrying the fishing fleets which spread their nets to draw in the great shining catch of fishes, huge *cervettes du Golfe*, marine monsters, scaled and webbed, that are neither fish nor man nor god; it is as if here, as in the most ancient past, more ancient even than Carthage itself, men live in the sea as in their natural element and have as yet scarcely distinguished themselves from the sea creatures among whom they had their origin; all this the mosaics show in shades of fawn and beige and grey and blue, pale as if their stones had been washed for centuries by the sea.

And yet even now one has not seen, or even dimly apprehended, all the wealth which once belonged to Carthage. The stones and pillars and arches which are all that remain of her baths and palaces are now broken and bare and stripped of all the marble and gold which once shone so splendidly over the Gulf. But a hundred miles away, in the vast bare plain which surrounds the holy city of Kairouan, one may find, like geological specimens which betray the passage of centuries, some of the pillars and marbles which once belonged to Carthage. There indeed one seems far enough away from the breezes and showers of the Gulf, there is no green in the landscape surrounding Kairouan, it is burned brown and arid by the sun which even in spring beats down with the fierceness of Africa.

Of KAIROUAN's twenty-three mosques, the most holy and the most beautiful is the Great Mosque of Sidi-Okba, near the crenellated ramparts which surround the city; it is not only holy but is one of the great architectural wonders of the world. The great colonnaded court through which one approaches the mosque is crowned by a tapering minaret which gives an impression of great height because of the low horizontal lines of the court, and court and minaret together have such beauty of proportion that they make an overwhelming impression of serenity and simplicity. The mosque itself is a forest of pillars, for it consists of seventeen naves of eight arches each, which rest on nearly three hundred columns of marble and porphyry with capitals of every conceivable style of architecture which the Arab builders of the mosque collected from all the ruins of antiquity, among them Carthage itself, which Tunisia could offer; so that in this temple built to the glory of Allah one finds the columns and capitals that have been transported from pagan palaces, villas, baths, amphitheatres, as if the Arab builders despaired of producing anything so beautiful themselves but were confident, and with reason, that however varied and alien their origins, within the mosque they would be reduced to harmony and unity by the great overriding simplicity of the mosque's design. So that in this forest of columns, of which not one is identical with another, and the builders have exercised all their ingenuity to make them serve their common purpose of supporting the arches of the naves, one can find again the ruins of Carthage, objects of luxury and art, the products of the flesh, con-

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scripted into the service of the one true God and in the veins of their marbles retrace the greens and the blues of the sea by which they once stood.

When we came out into the sunlight a mullah was calling the muezzin from the summit of the minaret, a high thin call like a bird-cry in the wide spaces of the court. Seated beside one of the pillars of the colonnade a thin-faced Arab was reading the Koran and in one of the chambers that opens off the court several Arab ladies and their children were enjoying a morning of conversation and gossip in the cool serenity of the holy place. Neither the student of theology nor the laughing, giggling ladies seemed in any way out of place, because in the beautifully organised spaces of the court, in the cool sweet air of the colonnade, it seemed so easy to believe that here the charms of the human and the divine have been perfectly reconciled.

Unfanatical Revolution

THE USE which the Arabs made of the marbles of Carthage in building their great masterpiece at Kairouan might be taken as a symbol of the methods the Tunisians are using in building their own state to-day; they would like to build an Arab state and to enjoy the fruits of independence without sacrificing the close relationship with Europe which has been theirs for so many centuries, and most of all they would like to retain the benefits of French culture and French civilisation which they feel to be a part of themselves even though they have rebelled against the political domination of France. Whether they will achieve this hope, which often seems Utopian, depends very much more on the behaviour of the French than of themselves; it depends also on how far and how long Tunisia will be able to reject the pressure of other Arab states who regard any form of French influence or of friendship with France as incompatible with political independence and so something to be rejected root and branch. But the hope itself, which is sincere and profound in spite of the difficulties Tunisia encounters in her relations with France, gives Tunisia a particular character among the Arab states and the new and emerging states of Africa, and makes her, or should make her, a country of the greatest possible interest and importance to Europe, and in particular to Great Britain. In terms of population, material resources, or political power, she is indeed of little importance, and perhaps that is why British policy towards her, so far as there is any, is governed by a profound indifference to anything that happens in Tunisia, so long as it does not provoke any difficulties in our own relations with France. And yet Tunisia provides an example of an African and Arab state which has won her independence by an extraordinary feat of political intelligence and political organisation and believes that the methods she has used provide a model for other African states to follow in their own struggle for independence; they are methods of caution and compromise, of finesse, patience, and gradualness, rather than of violence and fanaticism, but they have certainly achieved more, and more quickly, and at less cost for her people than more spectacular methods have achieved elsewhere. And because in Africa to-day the fundamental political problem is precisely by what means, and how fast, and under what conditions, the African peoples are to achieve independence, the example of Tunisia is one which deserves the closest and most sympathetic study by everyone, and particularly in this country, who is most intimately concerned in finding the correct answer to that problem.

When in 1958 the French Air Force bombed the Tunisian village of Sakiet, which was being used as a training area by the Algerian rebels, President Bourguiba immediately expressed his country's indignation at the attack and protested in the strongest terms to France; but at the same time he impressed it no less strongly on his countrymen that the attack provided no justification for any form of reprisal against any of the thousands of Frenchmen who still remain in Tunisia and that no individual Frenchman should be made to suffer as a result. There are still

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about seventy-five thousand Frenchmen in Tunisia; they own most of the best and the most fertile land, and President Bourguiba has repeatedly warned France that this state of affairs cannot long continue while so many of his own countrymen live in poverty and want. Yet no French army is required to protect the *colons* in Tunisia who live in far greater security than their brothers across the Algerian border, and at the same time make no attempt to conceal their contempt for the Tunisians and their country. When I spoke to a rich young *colon*, dressed in grey flannels and blue blazer like any dashing young man from the Thames Valley, about the marvels of the great mosque at Kairouan, he raised his eyebrows at my enthusiasm, confessed that he had never seen it, and asked why on earth he should when after all he could always go to Paris for his æsthetic pleasures. Yet despite the arrogance of the *colons* towards the Tunisians, their privileged economic position, and the justified anger aroused by the attack on Sakiet, no single Frenchman suffered in any way as a result of it. The Tunisians continued to behave to them with the same smiling politeness they show to everyone and the *colons* continue to believe that they belong to a superior race.

There is perhaps an even better example of how far the Tunisians, in the full flush of nationalism and independence, have been able to keep themselves free from fanaticism. Among the many extraordinary historical monuments in Tunisia, one of the most extraordinary is the synagogue of Hire-Sera on the island of Djerba, whose inhabitants are said to be the direct descendants of Jews who fled from the sack of Jerusalem in A.D. 70 and to have the purest Hebrew blood that can be found in the world to-day. On the day that we visited Hire-Sera, these purest of Jews were erecting a triumphal arch in honour of the fourth anniversary of Tunisia's declaration of independence; inside the dark little synagogue there stand three marble tablets, recently erected by a rich Jew, which in Arabic, Hebrew, and French record the gratitude of the Jewish people to Habib Bourguiba for the protection he has extended to the Jewish race and a prayer to the Lord of Hosts for his preservation.

NOWHERE ELSE IN THE ARAB WORLD TO-DAY would it be possible to find such a memorial erected by a Jew to an Arab, or an instance of an Arab revolutionary who had demanded for Jews the same rights as he has won for his own countrymen. In Tunisia to-day the Jews, like the French, are unmolested and enjoy the same rights and privileges as any other man; and when one sees M. Cohen's three tablets in the synagogue at Hire-Sera, one cannot feel that he has in any way exaggerated the terms in which he recommends M. Bourguiba to the protection of Jehovah.

It is not surprising that M. Bourguiba's attitude to the Jews, which is only a reflection of his attitude to the general problem of the relation of the state to the individual, should not recommend itself to the other Arab states, and particularly to the Egypt of President Nasser, whose nationalism displays precisely those elements of fanaticism from which M. Bourguiba's is so free. The difference between these two leaders is a very simple one; President Nasser wishes Egypt to be free in order that it may be Arab; President Bourguiba wishes Tunisia to be Arab so that it may be free; and these two attitudes give rise to two utterly opposed types of constitutional development as examples for the Arab and African states to follow. These fundamental differences are as clear to President Nasser as they are to President Bourguiba, so much so indeed that, for President Nasser, President Bourguiba is quite simply a traitor, and Egyptian policy towards Tunisia can be reduced to the equally simple principle: assassinate President Bourguiba. There have now been seven attempts at assassination, financed and directed from Egypt; and just as President Bourguiba harbours the Algerian rebels who wish to overthrow the French in the interests of Algeria, so President Nasser harbours the terrorists of Salah Ben Yusef who wish to assassinate President Bourguiba in the interests of Egypt.

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So far such attempts have failed, but there will undoubtedly be others, for President Bourguiba is the strongest and most intelligent opponent of the pattern of imperialism which President Nasser wishes to impose on the Arab states; and if they succeed they will probably put an end to one of the most remarkable efforts in modern times to show that even in a small, poor, and backward country it is possible to reconcile the principles of nationalism with those of democracy and make them the basis of a rational, progressive, and reasonably efficient state. One uses the term backward to describe Tunisia because after all a large part of the population is still illiterate and an even larger part is dominated by religious beliefs which are very near to superstition; yet judged by the standards of patience, moderation, intelligence, and tolerance with which she has carried out her national revolution she has every right to be counted among the most advanced of modern states. And indeed it does not seem extravagant to say that the future of Africa depends on whether the nascent African states adopt as their model the kind of nationalism represented by President Nasser or that of President Bourguiba; and which they choose may depend in turn on whether M. Bourguiba receives from the West the assistance, support, and sympathy he requires in his efforts to transform Tunisia into an efficient, secular, progressive modern state.

Bourguiba and New Virtues

M. Bourguiba himself is certainly one of the most remarkable figures of our time, even though his political career has been played out on so small a stage. He received his university education in Paris, and there acquired both his admiration for French culture and his belief in those radical and democratic principles which for him logically implied the liberation of his country. The real struggle for Tunisia's independence began in 1934, when M. Bourguiba founded the Neo-Destour party, and from that time until 1956, when independence was finally granted, he conducted a long, patient, and in some ways ruthless campaign to drive the French from his country. In its culminating stages the struggle broke out into open rebellion, but violence and armed revolt, though he is not averse to using them when necessary, are not M. Bourguiba's most characteristic weapons; what he preferred was to exercise by strictly political means a relentless pressure to extract one concession after another from the French, at each stage pointing out both to them and to his own people that the next stage must logically and inevitably follow, that when local self-government has been granted, internal autonomy cannot long be delayed, and that internal autonomy in its turn must lead to complete national sovereignty. The methods by which M. Bourguiba has translated this logic of ideas into a logic of events are in themselves proof of his extraordinary political skill and tenacity of purpose; they are an object lesson both to those who wish to arrive at the same results for themselves and to those who, like the French in Algeria, think that somewhere along the line it is possible to call a halt in the advance to complete national independence. The concept of *Algérie Française* is itself a proof that the French do not understand the logic of the process in which they are involved; the refusal of the F.L.N. to accept the generous terms once offered them by General de Gaulle shows that they also have not understood the inevitability of gradualness which operates on the side of all colonial peoples in the struggle for independence. And M. Bourguiba himself likes to point out to African peoples under British rule how fortunate they are because the British themselves have accepted the logic of inevitability as the basis of their colonial policy; for at that point the speed of advance towards independence becomes simply a matter of how far the African peoples themselves, by unity and consistency of purpose, and efficient and intelligent political organisation, can overcome the reluctance of the Colonial Office to accept the consequences of its own policy.

M. Bourguiba has not much patience with those who, on either side, do not understand how this process works, whether, like the F.L.N., they are engaged in a war for in-

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dependence or, like General de Gaulle, they are waging a war to avert it or restrict it. And since M. Bourguiba is a vain man, and not without reason, he is never tired of appealing to the F.L.N. leaders to study his own example, as a demonstration that intelligence and patience, properly applied, can achieve quicker and more lasting results than violence, though violence can often come in useful if controlled by intelligence. M. Bourguiba is a very clever man; the basis of his appeal to the F.L.N. is that if only they would be a little more clever, they would not have to be so heroic.

If M. Bourguiba tells the F.L.N. that civil war is not necessarily the quickest or the easiest way to independence, that they are using the wrong methods to solve their political problems, he might equally tell them, again pointing to his own example, that they are also using the wrong instrument. The F.L.N. is engaged in a war, it has an army, a government-in-exile, a terrorist organisation, and everything else required to wage war, but what it conspicuously does not have in any real sense of the word is a political party, disciplined, controlled, united, and sufficiently flexible to take advantage of any opportunity the political situation may offer; without such a party there can be no guarantee that the war will achieve the objects at which it is ostensibly directed, or that, when the war is won, national aspirations can be translated into a coherent policy: without such a party indeed it is quite possible that the F.L.N. might one day win the war but never succeed in creating a state.

M. Bourguiba's own instrument, both for winning independence and for building a state has been the Neo-Destour party which he founded in 1934 and has led, whether in or out of prison, ever since. It is a highly disciplined, highly centralised party which has a monopoly of political power in Tunisia, and it would be fair to say that no one has any very important part in deciding its policies except M. Bourguiba himself. In this sense, Tunisia is a monolithic state, and there is no effective opposition to the Government, which means, in effect, to M. Bourguiba himself; and indeed any attempt to create what might be called a loyal opposition, which while accepting the aims of the Government's policy feels free to criticise its methods of achieving them, has been quietly and efficiently suppressed. The Neo-Destour is like the Communist Party, which in form and structure it closely resembles, in that at the top it is controlled by one person only, and in Tunisia he is also the head of the state; equally, at its base, it consists of innumerable small cells which extend to the smallest and most remote villages and localities, and it is upon these cells that M. Bourguiba depends to expound and explain his policies in terms which even the most illiterate can understand.

WHAT DISTINGUISHES THE NEO-DESTOUR from the Communist Party or from other parties which have achieved a monopoly of political power is that it has genuinely remained an instrument of persuasion and not of force or terror; indeed all the terror is on the side of those reactionary and fanatical opponents of M. Bourguiba who with Salah ben Yusef have placed themselves under the protection of President Nasser. The Neo-Destour is the means by which the leader of a backward people hopes to explain and justify the policies, often unpopular and sometimes shocking to religious prejudice, which are necessary if they are to found a modern and efficient state; such an instrument is all the more necessary because those policies, not always easily intelligible to primitive minds, involve persuading Tunisians to distinguish between French policy and individual Frenchmen, to reconcile Arab nationalism with toleration of Jews and opposition to President Nasser, and to accept that if Tunisia is to take advantage of modern technology and modern science it will require a radical revision if not a total rejection of the claims of Islam.

M. Bourguiba is fond of expounding such themes in the weekly talks which he addresses to the Tunisian people, in terms which seem to reveal him as one who is at the same time father, schoolmaster, political leader, and major prophet. These talks, which when

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taken together form a kind of continuous course of political education addressed to an entire nation, are an extraordinary individual performance on M. Bourguiba's part; they cover an immensely wide range of subjects, from summit conferences to parish pump politics, are inordinately long, and would be intolerably boring but for their wit and humour and M. Bourguiba's formidable gifts of oratory. But even though M. Bourguiba is a very great orator, these fireside talks for the desert would fail of their effect if it were not for the admirably organised propaganda machine of the Neo-Destour party; for after M. Bourguiba has spoken, the text and content of his talks are discussed, debated, expounded, explained, at every level of the party, until even the most illiterate peasant cannot be left in any doubt about what it is the party wishes to do. It is an extraordinary experiment in political education, and it would be easy sometimes to see M. Bourguiba, especially as he does not altogether dislike the part, in the role of Big Brother who is always there to tell you exactly what you are to think on every possible subject; the difference between M. Bourguiba and other Big Brothers is that his weekly sermons are not a course in double-thinking but a genuine effort to preach to a backward people the virtues of rationalism, scientific progress, toleration, and the exercise of the individual conscience, and the duty and the necessity to reconcile both the faith of Islam and the fanaticism of nationalism with the exercise of these virtues. M. Bourguiba sincerely believes that Tunisia has gone part of the way to achieve this immensely difficult task, and for that reason thinks she has the right to call on other states in Africa to follow her example. If Tunisia has not yet gone the whole way to realise all her aspirations, it is because she is still burdened with the effects of two thousand years of invasions, conquests, and foreign domination, and also of the spirit of medievalism that rules in her religion; moreover she is trying to carry out her evolution into a modern state in the extraordinarily difficult and complicated situation created by the uneven and strikingly different forms which the development of Arab and African nationalism has taken in other states. In this situation, M. Bourguiba has pinned his faith to the concept of Tunisia as a mediator between Europe and Africa; she is admirably fitted to play this part by her history, her geographical position, and the character of her people, and it would be greatly to the advantage of Europe and Britain if she could be helped to play it successfully.

Crossing to Djerba

FROM Tunis we went south to Djerba, through Monastir and Sfax and Gabès and across what was once the Mareth line. Monastir is a beautiful little bay of silvery sand enclosed by two headlands and two little islands that are only rocks, but alas! it is already partially ruined by a bright and brash glass-and-concrete hotel which seemed admirably equipped to receive those parties of German tourists who having, like the Goths, overrun Europe, are now swarming into North Africa, carrying with them wherever they go the rich, warm, cigar-laden aroma of the *Wirtschaftswunder*.

Sfax is a charming town, where the Arab quarter is enclosed by lovely pale-rose-brick ramparts, pierced by turreted gates; within the walls one is plunged at once into that close, intimate, almost family atmosphere which all the native quarters in Tunisia seem to have. They are quite without mystery or sinister undertones and one feels that the people who swarm in their narrow lanes and alleys live as they do simply because it is an extremely sensible and enjoyable way to live. Outside the ramparts the new town is clean and bright and prosperous; we walked along the quays in the port which was crowded with Arab fishing vessels and gleaming new oil tankers and on its extreme verge, where the sea washed over the sands, we were astonished to find the terminal of the pipeline which is to bring the oil of the Sahara to the Mediterranean. Its presence here, like so much else in Tunisia, is the direct result of a decision of the President's. For the French had originally proposed to bring the pipe-line in at Tripoli but the Libyans had

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refused to allow them because, after all, the French were at war with their Algerian brothers. Refused in Libya the French turned to Tunisia; President Bourguiba accepted their offer on the ground that though he supported the Algerians in their war with the French, he had no right to reject any proposal which would help to improve the economic position of his country, which was too poor to afford a purely sentimental gesture that could do no possible good to the Algerians. President Bourguiba likes from time to time to indulge in Napoleonic attitudes and almost more than Napoleonic rhetoric, but in nothing is he more Napoleonic than in his hatred of the *idéologues* among Arab statesmen who most frequently forget that the cost of their fanaticism is usually the continued poverty and backwardness of the great majority of Arabs.

Beyond Sfax, Tunisia ceases to be "the green," the countryside loses its fertility and vegetation, the olive groves wither away, and the palm and date and coconut trees of the great oasis at Gafsa only exaggerate by contrast the bareness and aridity of the country around it; quite suddenly one begins to feel that one is in the true desert. Yet one has no sense of isolation. Along the straight French military road march little cavalcades of camels, an old man on a donkey, parties of women in their red and purple Bedouin robes, eyes black with kohl, jangling with bracelets and necklaces and earrings of beaten gold and silver; skins are darker, eyes wilder, but still these women on the long dusty road that leads from horizon to horizon have an extraordinary air of ease and dignity and gaiety, as if their long excursions from nowhere to nowhere were simply an opportunity for delightful social intercourse. And they never cease to surprise one by the degree in which they seem to combine simplicity, even barbarism, and sophistication. Even in the desert they emerge from their black tents, that cling to the ground like the dens of animals, decked in every kind of ornament and cosmetic, as if only the most elaborate toilette could do justice to their charms; but their black eyes peeping over their veils are wild and uninhibited and filled with a gleeful and childish curiosity at the sight of strangers in their absurd European clothes.

Beyond Gabès, where one enters the territory of the troglodytes, who live in vaulted caves sometimes four or five storeys high, the guide-book informed us that the traveller to Djerba, "if pressed," may take the shorter road to the ferry at Djorf instead of the longer one which leads to the causeway at Marsa. We were not pressed, but afternoon was turning to evening, we were hot and tired after driving under the fierce sun and were beginning to understand what thirst may mean to those who live under it; we took the shorter road and thereafter bumped interminably along a broken stony track until it seemed we had lost all hope of catching the ferry that evening. Shadows of thorn trees in the desert sand, of camels cropping by the roadside, began to grow longer, the air grew cooler and we seemed to be a very long way from anywhere, and yet the sense of travelling through an immense undifferentiated space, of the vast sky curving above one to the ends of the earth, of the profound yet living silence in which we were encompassed, was strangely exhilarating; one began to understand why travellers in the true desert say that they find there a kind of freedom that is to be found nowhere else.

THEN SUDDENLY, OVER THE LAST LOW CREST of the road, without warning, we had come to the sea and to Djorf, a tiny huddle of decrepit huts and sheds beside a little jetty; after the pale, sun-baked shades of the desert, the sea was unbelievably blue, a deep, violent ultramarine that was almost vulgar in its extravagance, and across the narrow strip of water between us and the island we could see the low white houses and waving palm trees of the little port of Ajim. And beside the jetty, to our relief, was the ferry, a minute Arab fishing boat that one could not possibly believe was intended to carry a motor car. But the crew were delighted to receive us, smiling and grinning as if we were the most delightful of surprises at that late hour, and with marvellous dexterity and ingenuity, and

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elaborate manipulation of the most primitive arrangement of planks and ropes and empty oil drums, they secured our car athwart the deck. There were four of them, dark-featured, bare-footed, dressed in an extraordinary assembly of tattered rags, cheerful and infinitely polite and offering us the hospitality of their tiny ancient vessel as if it were an ocean liner. They opened the hatch of their little galley to show us their fish supper cooking on a little brazier and pressed us to share it, explaining that they themselves could not eat yet because the sun had not set and it was Ramadan. When we refused, because their supper already seemed little enough for four men, they insisted on tempting us by bringing it up out of the galley to show us how good it was, what excellent fish, how beautifully cooked in its swimming oil, and as they did so, their eyes gleamed, their dark faces broke into gap-toothed smiles, with a kind of childish joy at the thought of the feast waiting for them at the end of the long, hungry day. The three deck-hands pressed around us in their eagerness that we should share their happiness, while at the tiller the helmsman, an elderly man with an ancient noble face, grey moustached and bearded, grave, severe, and serene, watched their chattering excitement and occasionally gave an approving smile, as if he also gave his blessing to their hospitality.

But we persisted in refusal and in turn offered them cigarettes, which they gladly accepted and tucked away behind their ears or in the folds of their rags, pointing again to the sun low in the sky to show why they could not smoke them yet. But now the longed-for hour was approaching with almost melodramatic suddenness, for on the western horizon the sun, a great crimson disc like a coin of molten metal, was falling into the sea like a plummet, and as it fell the sea lost its intense blue and became pale and grey, a blue shadow crept across the hills on the other side of the strait, and as we watched, measuring the sun's headlong descent minute by minute, it suddenly plunged precipitously into the ocean, leaving behind it a great golden effulgence of light which flooded the horizon until for a moment one felt that this crossing to Djerba was part of one of those mythical voyages one read of as a child. And now the sun had gone; as quickly as it had fallen, the little rosy clouds like crimson fishes turned into tufts of cotton wool, and we had hardly disembarked before our delightful crew, waving and crying good-bye, had begun to light up their cigarettes and plunge into their dark little galley where their delicious mess of fish was waiting for them.

THERE could have been no better introduction to Djerba than this enchanted crossing, in which the raffish crew were as much a part of the enchantment as the blazing descent of the sun; it had something of that legendary quality which the remains of the past give to so much in Tunis, and in Djerba seems strongest of all. For Djerba is the island of the *Lotophagi*, the classical island of the lotus-eaters, and once there it is not difficult to understand why Ulysses should have been under its spell for so long. Not that Djerba has much in common with Tennyson's island—

> *A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke*
> *Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;*
> *And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,*
> *Rolling a slumberous sheet of foam below—*

It is a perfectly flat, sandy island of about twenty miles square, which rises so imperceptibly from the sea that from the mainland its houses and mosques and palms seem to float in the water, the landscape of a mirage or a dream, and its inhabitants to-day are not wild-eyed and melancholy like the Lotus eaters; they are, as the guide-book says, "gentle, bright, active, and industrious," and devote themselves busily to the cultivation of the island's innumerable palm trees, and its vines and olives and orchards.

But as soon as one has crossed the water of the strait, one is caught by the slight air of unreality which belongs to the island because of its strange Babylonian architecture, nowhere else to be found in the world, houses and mosques with their sloping roofs that are shaped in a series of barred vaults that look

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remote and alien from anything else one has ever seen; and equally ancient and remote, like the wildest fantasy of Parisian *haute couture*, seem the little conical straw hats which the women wear over the shawls that cover their heads. But even this dream-like architecture, like an illustration to a fairy tale, affects one less than the island's rich green vegetation and most of all the millions of tall, lazily-waving palm trees, slender, feathery, and languorous, with which the island is covered. As they wave gracefully in a breeze from the sea, they have an almost hypnotic motion which rocks one, not to sleep, but into some marvellously sedative fantasy of serenity and peace; and yet one finds that soon one is beginning to watch them closely, as if they were not trees but animals, which might at any moment break loose and move off among the olives and vineyards with the long, easy, loping motion of a giraffe. They seem to live some gentle, lazy life of their own that has an obsessive effect on one which makes one subject to every trick of illusion, so that sometimes the flat, lovingly-cultivated landscape seems, for all its Babylonian towers, like a stretch of English parkland, green and peaceful and domestic, while at others one seems to have been transported to some forest clearing deep in the heart of Africa, and one looks expectantly for the exotic animals which one feels sure will emerge from behind every bush and tree. Only one feels also that such animals would not have the ferocity of wild beasts which are hunted and destroyed but would be as gentle and playful as the landscape itself, and perhaps speak to one with human voices as animals do in a fairy story.

But even here one may find evidence of the energetic spirit of President Bourguiba, to whom there is a monument in the public square, as in every other public place in Tunisia. For the Tunisian Government is rightly anxious to turn Tunisia's natural beauties into a source of revenue and Djerba could be a paradise for tourists. The coastline is a series of magnificent silvery beaches washed by a sea as blue and clear as glass and already on the beach near Homt-Souk the Government has built a splendid new hotel whose windows open directly on to the waters of the Gulf which almost seem to invade the hotel itself; our own hotel at Homt-Souk was filled with German tourists, displaying vast Wagnerian thighs and bosoms in the garden and swimming-pool, like sun-burned Brunnhildes at play, and soon the magnificent beaches of Djerba will be covered with the semi-naked bodies, glistening with sun-tan oil, the goggled underwater swimmers one meets with on all the beaches of Europe. And no doubt their pleasure will be further evidence of the spirit of enlightenment and progress which animates modern Tunisia. Djerba will help to pay for education and irrigation and agricultural research and water-conservation and all the other schemes Tunisia needs and only a sentimentalist would hope that the opening of Tunisia to *tourism* may not be as successful as the Government would wish. But even so, one may hope that in Djerba the lotus will survive even this last of the invasions and that among these modern travellers there will be some at least who, like others long before them, will succumb to its ageless air of serenity and peace.

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Rayner Heppenstall

Divided We Stand

On "the English Tradition"

WHAT follows was written before the delivery of C. P. Snow's Rede lecture and held up (for reasons which should be fairly obvious) by its appearance in these pages. Dividing cultures, traditions, and so on might have begun to seem like a game, comparable with *U-and-non-U* or *In-and-Out*. Ideally, what I have to say should now be explicitly collated with what Sir Charles had to say. Unfortunately, I did not find his argument of much interest. It is known that C. P. Snow prefers not to be called "Sir Charles" in print (itself a slight awkwardness, since clearly one cannot call him "Mr. Snow"). One sees the point. The title is a Civil Service one, and in print we are usually talking of C. P. Snow the novelist. But to my mind it was a Civil Servant's lecture. It was part of a recruiting drive for more scientists. This I should have thought unnecessary. The prospects in terms of hard cash are already channelling gifted boys on to the science side, so that, for instance, the Foreign Service will presently be short of linguists. I am sorry to be drawn into this controversy. I hope Sir Charles gets his scientists. I hope sculptors, oboe-players, pop-singers, film-stars, and professional footballers will all brush up their third law of thermodynamics. I hope C. P. Snow will believe that in many ways I admire him and that I should not have printed remarks like these but for the rather special circumstances.

A point which is of some relevance to what follows is that both C. P. Snow and the most eminent of his opponents from the arts side, Sir Herbert Read, are, in my terms, "second tradition" men by upbringing. To comment on the fact that both have been knighted seems in itself a bit invidious, and I would not go out of my way to comment on it. In what follows, the fact yet bears its own significance. And now I shall, if I may, proceed as though neither Sir Charles nor Sir Herbert had ever existed, a state of mind to us purely hypothetical but one to which posterity may well accustom itself. I begin with the one parallel to which, as it seems to me, any British posterity would do well always to devote its preliminary deliberations.

A STOCK theme in French village comedy has long been the feud between, on the one hand, the *curé* (commonly in league with the *châtelaine*, less often with her husband) and, on the other, the radical, atheist schoolmaster, mayor, or newspaper editor. It is there already in *Madame Bovary*. It reappears in *Clochemerle* and *La Femme du Boulanger*. In the *Don Camillo* books, we see the same theme adapted to Italy. In Italy, the real-life situation is not always funny. In Spain, it gave rise to the Civil War of 1936. Even in France, there are sometimes ugly consequences. There was the Dreyfus case. There was Vichy. On the whole, the schoolmasters have it their own way.

The French understand that their tradition is twofold. Here we speak of "the English tradition" as of something recognisably single. It is understood to be democratic, with, however, a number of what are known as "traditional safeguards." One of these is the House of Lords. Another is constitutional monarchy. A third is the Church of England, which crowns and buries our constitutional monarchs and enjoys a controlling interest in the educational system. It is understood that things are not quite the same in Ireland, Scotland, or even Wales. Even in England, Catholics, Jews, and other nonconformists nowadays suffer few obvious civic disabilities. The Catholics have their own schools. In the State schools, Jewish children are

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not required to receive instruction "in the Catechism of the Church of England and the Book of Common Prayer in accordance with the syllabus for the time being approved by the Bishop of the Diocese," though all the little Methodists and so on put up with it. It is theoretically possible to vote for a party pledged to bring down the Establishment.

We had a revolution once. We chopped off a king's head a hundred and fifty years before the French (but eleven years later put this king's son on the throne). In the public ownership of property, we do not lag far behind the French. All the same, what "the English tradition" connotes (in the mind, for instance, of Mr. T. S. Eliot) represents only a part of the life of England. From the North, it has always seemed a mere southern-squirearchical tradition, the peculiar ways people had in the forelock-pulling counties beyond the Trent. If that is what it means to be English, most Northcountrymen, I am sure, and many people in the West and in the Midlands and, for that matter, a large number of Cockneys would prefer to regard themselves as British. If that is the English tradition, then there must be another, a British tradition. For, on the one hand, all of us like to feel that there is some kind of wall behind us, and few of us want to belong to a species which Irishmen, Welshmen, and Scots find totally unsympathetic.

In France, the second tradition is the normal content of French consciousness. Here, it is largely the nation's unconsciousness. It is what "the English tradition" does its best to repress. I am not very happy with Freudian terminology, but we probably need also the term "projection." We "project" the half-conscious English second tradition on to those areas (in Ireland, Scotland, Wales) which claim a separate and distinct nationhood. This creates a huge vacuum in the northern counties of England, with innumerable dead pockets elsewhere. In France, the second tradition has so triumphed that it is nostalgic adherents of the *ancien régime* who tend to acquire a second-tradition temper. This is very nice for them. Nothing could be pleasanter than to combine the practical advantages of a social order with the prestige of despising it.

A second tradition must always be, in a broad sense, nonconformist, though in Scotland, denominational nonconformity is official, while in Southern Ireland to be a Roman Catholic is to conform. Historically, Irish Catholicism is part of the general pattern of British nonconformity. The large nonconformist areas of England at one time followed the same rite as Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. The western counties were Christianised under Welsh princes. The counties north of the Humber were evangelised, not from Canterbury, but from Iona by way of Lindisfarne, so that, as late as the 12th century, Lincolnshire was described by French Benedictines as "a diocese on the borders of the Angles and Scots." Once converted to the Roman usage, these areas clung to it. They did not accept the Tudor reforms. Everybody has heard of the Pilgrimage of Grace. The far bloodier Rising in the North of 1569 seems generally unknown except as the subject of one of Bishop Percy's duller ballads. The Church of England is not a national, it is a class and regional church. It never gained much hold north of the Trent or west of Taunton. These areas waited for Wesley and Whitefield.

In some sense, a second tradition must also be radical. Ours may already be traced in the peasant revolts, and the nearest it ever came to political triumph was among Cromwell's Levellers, Diggers, and Ranters, while in more recent times it cradled the Trades Unions and the Labour Movement. True, it is sometimes argued that only the preaching of John Wesley saved us from having a more decisive revolution at the same time as the French. It is certainly the case that English Methodism rarely produces extreme revolutionaries. Jewry and Calvinistic Scotland and Wales seem to be the religious cradles of proletarian Communists, while the middle-class ones, as well as the Fabian socialists, come as often as not from Anglican homes. Because it was preached in false racial and denominational terms, the radical-nonconformist revolution by which Southern Ireland achieved a specious political independence, has ended in reactionary farce. It is time, one feels, for the Irish to stop sulking and rejoin us, to the benefit of everybody here and of all but a little ruling gang in Ireland.

There might even then arise great Irish writers again, for the case of Ireland suggests that a second tradition is most productive of literary talent when it most feels itself politically oppressed and that the removal of this feeling may induce a traumatic sterility. A first tradition will be normally sterile.

AMONG the various schools of psychology, there seems to be some agreement that genuine creation always takes place subliminally. The conscious mind orders but does not create.

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In this country at least, there are grounds for thinking it true as between the metropolis and its provinces. The metropolis acclimatises, accommodates. The provinces create. In literature, from Shakespeare to D. H. Lawrence (and, indeed, to Dylan Thomas), the pattern would seem to be unmistakable. There is a great reluctance to admit it. That our greatest poet (and perhaps the world's) was a butcher's son from Warwickshire is a scandal to the metropolitan mind, which every now and then insists on proving that some nobleman must have written those plays.

A second tradition must always be in some sense provincial, though we may need to consider the metropolis not in strictly geographical terms. I do not believe that there exists any occult merit in localities. A province will be a source of strength because it is a province and remote. Its energies will be more or less untapped. Its remoteness need not consist in miles which can be measured on a map. Wells was as much a provincial as Barrie, Bennett, Shaw, W. H. Davies, Thomas Hardy, to say nothing of Yeats, Synge, George Moore, and James Joyce. In Blake's time, the social and cultural metropolis extended to Bath but did not include Golden Square. Blake was more provincial than Hume or Berkeley, who were nevertheless provincials.

Two Americans have been our great theorists of tradition. Henry James was concerned rather with Europe. T. S. Eliot has devoted himself to "the English tradition." If I refer to Mr. Eliot as a renegade Unitarian from New England, I must not be taken to undervalue either his work or his personality, both of which I admire extremely. It is nevertheless amusing that nowadays we should largely understand "the English tradition" in terms provided by an American expatriate and that some of us should adopt exaggerated first-tradition attitudes because of the value placed upon them by a nonconformist turncoat who took them up at the age of forty. In connection with D. H. Lawrence, his most notable second-tradition contemporary, Mr. Eliot thereafter spoke of "the crippling effect upon men of letters of not having been brought up in the environment of a living and central tradition." This may have been modesty. Mr. Eliot may have thought himself crippled. That is not how the observation was taken at the time.

What seems not to have crossed Mr. Eliot's mind is that *all* the liveliest writers of his time ought to have been similarly crippled by their upbringings. Either they had not (but, on the contrary, had found particular sustenance in their provincial backgrounds), or we must adopt the romantic view that a creative writer needs crippling. The terms "living" and "central" are oddly chosen. Mr. Eliot has always abhorred the 19th and barely tolerated the 18th century, despite its vaunted classicism. Mr. Eliot surprisingly told us he was an Anglo-Catholic. In order to connect himself up with the appropriately "living" tradition, he had to go back to the 17th century. What he found there had not much affected English life for three hundred years, except in the time of Newman, who went over to Rome, finding no sustenance in the Church of England.

As to what makes a tradition "central," Mr. Eliot himself has clearly found it difficult to say. In his later *Notes towards the Definition of Culture*, the "culture" which here seems to mean very much the same as the "tradition" of the earlier essays (or perhaps to be its *terminus ad quem*) is presented as a system of concentric circles. There is, at any given moment, a world, or broadly human, culture, within which there are sub-continental cultures, national cultures, class cultures, family cultures and, finally, the culture one has oneself. Here, the "central" culture is clearly that of the individual. Within the context of "a living and central tradition" as far as England and, indeed, as far as these islands are concerned, this is all very well for anybody who lives near Piccadilly Circus (say, in Albany). *His* culture will be central in two senses. *His* two centres will coincide. A centripetal schizophrenia seems likely to afflict all who live outside London or, say (not to be too rigid), the Home Counties. The man who preceded Mr. Eliot in putting the 17th-century "metaphysical" poets on the 20th-century map was Sir Herbert (then Professor H. J. C.) Grierson. Sir Herbert, a Shetlander, must have been under grave cultural stress in early life.

I do not wish to deny meaning to Mr. Eliot's concentric system, but only to insist that its focal point within the individual cannot, as a rule, bear much relation to the centre implied in "a living and central tradition." Nor do I wish to deny the existence of a geographical pattern, of which a metropolis will tend to be the centre, though in a partly symbolic way. Mr. Eliot made some attempt to meet the difficulty with the term "satellite cultures," meaning, of course, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and any area Lewis Mumford might have allowed to be truly "a

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region." In the concentric system as I have listed it, "regional" might here be read for "class." The spatial metaphors still do not quite work out with Euclidean exactitude.

I SEE very well that "first" and "second" are not in much better case. They are, instead of spatial, temporal (though "first" acquires a spatial meaning as that which is *on top*). Temporal history exhibits quaint reversals. The French second tradition is on top. Our first did not come first, since there were Lollards and Anabaptists before there were Anglicans. In the North, our second tradition for a time retained ultramontane affiliations, as it still does in Ireland. Yet I hope to be understood if I ascribe to a second tradition all those steady features of life in these islands which, since the Commonwealth and Protectorate, have stood apart from the conformities of those near the metropolitan fountainhead of privilege and authority, Anglican and monarchist implicitly, predominantly squirearchical and southern, latterly sending their sons to one or another of half a dozen schools and then to Oxford or Cambridge and describing this as a "conventional" education.

I quote the most famous of Mr. Eliot's statements on tradition in literature.

> The existing monuments form an order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art towards the whole are readjustable; and there is conformity between the old and the new.

The literary mind of the first tradition is well-occupied in cataloguing, discriminating against, and rearranging the books in its library (rather, shall we say, than playing little taste-games of its own). The new works which make rearrangement imperative will generally be found to have come out of a tradition not itself much concerned with bookmanship.

BUT it may be that my scheme needs either putting into the past tense or spreading out over the English-speaking world. Life in these islands contracts daily. In D. H. Lawrence's front parlour, there would now stand a television set. His father would come home clean, his mother find numerous outlets for her refinement. He would pick up "standard English" (*i.e.*, the Kensington dialect) early in life. He might well get a place at Oxford or Cambridge. He would be like our gifted younger novelists to-day, provincial, but not provincial enough, and inclined to resentment on both grounds.

Perhaps it is hopeless now to maintain second-tradition attitudes on the doorstep. Perhaps our only "regions" are the Dominions, especially those, like Nigeria, where the writers in English are black. Or perhaps we must see the Commonwealth and the former American colonies as one area, over which there is deployed a single two-fold tradition. It is clear to anybody outside these islands that Irish, Welsh, and Scottish claims to nationhood are designed purely to needle "the English" (whoever they may be, outside golf-clubs in Surrey). No foreigner could begin to take them seriously. Perhaps the recrudescence here in the past ten years of an Englishry based on bowler hats and moustaches, churchgoing and dressing for theatres, the re-investment with glamour of Eton (which had become a joke before the war), the reconstitution of a royalist mystique which had been long forgotten, is just another separatist movement, a communication to the Americans.

In the normal American consciousness, now that the days of culture-expatriation are over, I fancy that England has taken (indeed, that these islands have taken) the place once occupied by New England. To us here, America itself must seem to be a "region" from which we draw second-tradition creative impulses. What drives us, grinding our teeth, more and more into each other's arms I take to be neither American wealth nor Russian power. I take it to be the drying-up in both our countries of the reservoirs of creative energy, due in each case to uniformity within the country.

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John Buchan

An Untimely Appreciation — By GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

JOHN BUCHAN—popular novelist, biographer, historian, Member of Parliament, and finally Governor-General of Canada—died in 1940, one of the last articulate representatives of the old England. He is the paradigm—the parody, some would have it—of a species of English gentleman now very nearly extinct. The manners and morals celebrated in his books, the social prejudices unwittingly disclosed in them, and the attitudes and philosophy suggested by them have already acquired the faded tint of a period-piece. Before they vanish altogether, it may be interesting to take pause, to enquire into an ethos that for some is an embarrassing memory, for others a remembrance of lost grandeur.

There is indeed matter for embarrassment in Buchan's novels. There is the clean, good life which comes with early rising, cold baths, and long immersion in fog and damp, in contrast to the red-eyed, liverish, sluggish, and demoralised life of the town. There is the casual bravery, classically understated, of his heroes. ("There's nothing much wrong with me.... A shell dropped beside me and damaged my foot. They say they'll have to cut it off.") There is the blithe provincialism and amateurishness of his spy-adventurer who complains that the natives in a Kurdish bazaar do not understand any "civilised tongue," of his Member of Parliament who cannot pronounce "Boche" names and confuses Poincaré with Mussolini, of the Cabinet Minister who will not be bothered to read the newspapers while on vacation. There is the penchant for sports that requires every hero (and every respectable villain) to be a first-class shot, and looks upon politics, espionage, and war alike as an opportunity to practise good English sportsmanship: Richard Hannay, his principal hero, is much distressed at not "playing the game" when he abuses the hospitality of a particularly heinous villain; elsewhere he permits a German agent, plotting to spread anthrax germs through the British army, to escape rather than ignobly shoot him in the back; and another hero, Sandy Arbuthnot, during a tremendous cavalry attack involving Cossack, Turkish, German, and British troops, can be heard crying, "Oh, well done our side!"

Even more reminiscent of the English public-schoolboy is the curious blurring of sexual lines. All Buchan's heroes turn out to have "something girlish" about them: a husky mountain guide has hair "as flaxen as a girl's;" Peter Pienaar, the uncouth Boer adventurer, has a face "as gentle as a girl's," as does a general in the same novel; Sandy Arbuthnot has "a pair of brown eyes like a pretty girl's;" and a six-and-a-half foot Negro chieftain has hands "more like a high-bred woman's than a man's." Even some of his historical heroes have the same ambiguous sexuality: Augustus is portrayed with "features so delicately modelled as to be almost girlish." Similarly, his heroines have more than a little of the young boy in them: boyish hips, boyish stride, wholesome boyish manners and interests. Even these endearing qualities, however, cannot entirely allay the unease of the hero. When Hannay, then well in his forties, meets the bewitching Greenmantle, he is thrown into panic at the thought of sitting beside her: "Never having been in a motor-car with a lady before, I felt like a fish on a dry sandbank." His friend, Archie Roylance, had also been "as shy as a woodcock" of those "mysterious and unintelligible" creatures. "Fresh and unstaled by disillusion," he finally falls in love with Janet, but he succumbs, the author proudly reports, not to the vulgar charms of "swelling bosoms and pouting lips and soft curves and languishing eyes;" the fresh and unstaled phrases that come to his lips are "jolly," "clean-run," "a regular sportswoman," and, as an after-thought, "amazingly good-looking." Occa-

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sionally, Buchan might be found to poke fun at this priggishness. Of Walter Scott he once said: "For women he had an old-fashioned reverence, and . . . regarded them very much as a toast to be drunk after King and Constitution." Nevertheless, he respected Scott's diffidence: "I do not suggest the severe doctrine that no man can write intimately of sex without forfeiting his title to gentility, but I do say that for Scott's type of gentleman to do so would have been impossible without a dereliction of standards."

So far the Buchan ethos amuses more than it offends. It becomes displeasing when private foibles begin to impinge upon public morality. The most serious item in Richard Usborne's indictment of Buchan (in his *Clubland Heroes*) is Buchan's preoccupation with success, his top-of-the-form ethic. A dinner-party in a Buchan novel assembles a typical assortment of guests: Bonson Jane "had been a noted sportsman and was still a fine polo player; his name was a household word in Europe for his work in international finance . . . it was rumoured that in the same week he had been offered the Secretaryship of State, the Presidency of an ancient University, and the control of a great industrial corporation;" Simon Ravelstone is president of "one of the chief banking houses in the world;" his son is "making a big name for himself in lung surgery;" and another guest is "about our foremost pundit . . . there were few men alive who were his equals in classical scholarship." So closed is the universe inhabited by these Calvinist-minded characters that they can agree to the precise rank and order of their success. Thus Sandy Arbuthnot is "one of the two or three most intelligent people in the world," Julius Victor is the "richest man in the world," Medina is the "best shot in England after His Majesty," Castor is the "greatest *agent-provocateur* in history," and there is one of whom it is said, with a fine conjunction of precision and vagueness, that "there aren't five men in the United States whose repute stands higher."

Yet closer attention to the novels suggests that these marks of success are not the ends towards which his heroes—or villains—strive. They are the preconditions of their being heroes or villains at all, much as the characters in fairy tales are always the most beautiful, the most exalted, the most wicked of their kind. They are the starting points for romance, not the termination. Indeed the theme of the more interesting of the novels is the *ennui* or *tœdium vitæ* which afflicts precisely those who have attained the highest state—and because they have attained that state. In *John Macnab*, three of the most eminent men in England, dispirited by a surfeit of success, deliberately engage in an adventure of illegality in order to court exposure and disgrace. And in *Sick Heart River*, a famous American financier and an equally famous English barrister leave their comfortable establishments to suffer pain and death in the far north. All Buchan's heroes are periodically beset by fatigue and lassitude, a "death-wish" that is overcome by divesting themselves of their urban identities—success being an urban condition—and donning the shabby, anonymous clothes of the countryman. Only when the perils of nature and of the chase have roughened up the smooth patina of success, leaving the body scarred and the mind tormented, can they resume their normal lives and identities.

If Buchan's heroes are not, in fact, obsessed by success in the manner of an impressionable sixth-former, neither are they the pseudo-donnish philistines that casual memory would have us think. It is true that Sandy, revisiting Oxford in 1938, complains that the youth have become "a bit too much introverted—isn't that the filthy word?" (Too *much* introverted: if Sandy is obliged to use the filthy word, he at least takes care to use the right syntax.) Yet Sandy himself is far from being an extrovert. He is given to spells of moodiness and despair, to a never-ending quest for an unattainable grail and a search (indicated by his relish for exotic disguises) for a new identity.

Indeed, the introvert-intellectual is the hero of several of Buchan's works. One of these, Launcelot Wake in *Mr. Standfast*, is so far gone in introversion and intellectualism as to be a pacifist. He is represented in the opening of the book as the stock intellectual, sallow of complexion and red of eye, partial to modern poetry and modern art. Yet by the end of the book, as a result of one of those typical reversals of which Buchan, like other romancers, is fond (his critics are often unaware that the ostensible truths of the prologue have turned into the half-truths of the epilogue), Wake has emerged as the hero. He has abandoned neither his intellectualism nor his pacifism and is still incapable of the easy sentiments of patriotism and duty:

> I see more than other people see, and I feel more. That's the curse on me. You're a happy man and you get things done, because you only see one side of a case, one thing at a time. How would you like it if a thousand strings were always tugging at you, if you saw that every course meant the sacrifice of lovely and desirable things, or even the shattering of what you know to be unreplaceable? . . . For me to fight would be worse than for another man to run away.

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When he dies, after a gallant exploit, Hannay delivers his eulogy: "If the best were to be taken, he would be chosen first, for he was a big man, before whom I uncovered my head."

The portraits of Montrose and Cromwell, in Buchan's excellent biographies, are also tributes to the complicated man who is torn by conflicting ideas and emotions and barely manages to maintain a precarious balance: Montrose, starting as a Covenanter in rebellion against the king, and ending as the "noblest Cavalier" while still a Presbyterian; Cromwell, the "practical mystic," the revolutionist with a passion for law and order, the leader who is prey to moods of withdrawal and self-doubt. In history as in fiction, his heroes were by no means the simple clean-cut men of action who shoulder their way to victory. They were sensitive souls, fated to noble failures and pyrrhic victories.

THERE is no denying that Buchan is as remote as can be from the modern writer-intellectual in his tastes and judgments. Any "right-thinking" intellectual would be offended by his description of the "advanced" community of Biggleswick in *Mr. Standfast*: the pretentious, arty folk with their gimcrack houses and "demented modish" paintings, who were determined "never to admire anything that was obviously beautiful, like a sunset or a pretty woman, but to find surprising loveliness in things which I thought hideous." Nor will he be reassured by Buchan's distaste for such writers as Proust, James, and Dostoievsky. Yet, alien as it may be, his mind had a range and seriousness that has to be respected. It was not only Scott, Tennyson, and Macaulay whom he was fond of (though his heartier characters were confined to quoting these three), but also such varied writers—to select only a few of those most often cited in his pages—as Shakespeare, Hakluyt, Thomas Browne, Bunyan, Hazlitt, Walton, Thoreau, Whitman, Johnson, Chateaubriand, Calvin, and Augustine. Impatient with experiments in the arts as in politics, fearful of attempts to probe the unconscious in novels as in life, he was obviously limited in his æsthetic responses. Yet it can hardly be judged philistine to prefer Homer in the Greek to T. S. Eliot in English, "low-brow" to admire Tolstoy more than Dostoievsky, or "anti-intellectual" to write serious works of historical scholarship that are also refreshingly literate.

What is involved is a different cultural tradition, emerging in a different set of intellectual and literary manners. The English intellectual of Buchan's generation was loath to parade his intelligence; his Double First at the university had to be acquired without visible swotting or cramming. (Buchan's characters never admitted to memorising anything; they had "fly-paper memories" to which long passages of poetry or facts adhered effortlessly.) And his writing suggested not the anguish of creation but the casualness of civilised conversation. In this relaxed manner, Buchan was able to produce fifty-seven books in the interstices of his other more absorbing occupations—the law, interrupted by a short period of service with Milner in South Africa, then business, Parliament, and finally the Governor-Generalship of Canada.

Such productivity could only be attained if one wrote not merely *as* one spoke, but also *what* one spoke. This is the real clue to Buchan's (as to the Victorians') prodigious output. There are many to-day who are as rich in intellectual resources; there are few who feel so free to draw upon their capital. Buchan had confidence not only in his knowledge, but also in his opinions, attitudes, intuitions, and prejudices. What he wrote for the public was what he felt in private; he did not think to labour for a subtlety or profundity that did not come spontaneously, or to censor his spontaneous thoughts before committing them to paper. He had none of the scruples that are so inhibiting to-day. He was candid about race, nation, religion, and class, because it did not occur to him that anything he was capable of feeling or thinking could be reprehensible. His creative strength was the strength of his character.

IT IS not only productivity but also authenticity that is enhanced by this assertion of personal authority and personal knowledge. His familiarity with the Scottish countryside provides more than the background of many of the stories—as in *John Macnab*, where the hunting and fishing scenes, described in great and exciting detail, are not appendages to the plot; they are the plot. The homely details of the domestic life of a retired Glasgow merchant, and the vignettes of life in rural Scotland, interspersed with comments about Freudianism, Communism, and international politics, all lend verisimilitude to the fairy-tale character of the Russian princess and the wild improbabilities of the plot of *Huntingtower*. Verisimilitude, not verity—for his novels remain unashamed romances. It was his theory that fantasy and reality should be permitted to feed upon and nurture each other. This is why he did not trouble himself overmuch with plot, relying on coincidence, hunch, luck, the stock character and situation, to an extent that no popular writer to-day would dare to do. It is also why he did not trouble himself unduly with niceties of style, why he was unembarrassed by the cliché, the occasional longeur or discursive aside. The very laxity of plot and style served his purpose, not only to advance the tale with

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a minimum of effort, but also to provide the commonplace background against which the romantic adventure is best played out. In an essay on Scott, Buchan argued the case for a *punctum indifferens*, a calm centre around which rages the storm of romance.

> The kernel of romance is contrast, beauty and valour flowering in unlikely places, the heavenly rubbing shoulders with the earthly. The true romantic is not the Byronic hero; he is the British soldier whose idea of a *beau geste* is to dribble a football into the enemy's trenches.

THE modern reader probably finds it less difficult to accept Buchan's casual style than the substance of his opinions. On the subject of race especially he appears as the English gentleman of a vintage now gone sour. It would be almost impossible to reissue in America to-day one of his earliest and most successful novels, *Prester John*, first published in 1910 and for decades an enormously popular boy's book. *Prester John* is the story of a native African uprising led by a Western-educated Negro who seeks to harness the primitive religion and nationalism of the savages to set himself up as the demi-god of a native republic. If this theme is calculated to outrage the liberal, Buchan's language—the hero, a white boy, speaks of the "niggers" with their "preposterous negro lineaments"—does nothing to mitigate the offence. Yet his racism, while a doctrine of inequality, is not a counsel of inhumanity. Laputa, the native leader, is represented as a noble figure and worthy antagonist. When he is defeated in honourable battle, the classical note of the White Man's Burden is sounded:

> I knew then the meaning of the white man's duty. He has to take all risks, recking nothing of his life or his fortunes and well content to find his reward in the fulfilment of his task. That is the difference betwen white and black, the gift of responsibility, the power of being in a little way a king; and so long as we know this and practise it, we will rule not in Africa alone but wherever there are dark men who live only for the day and for their own bellies. Moreover, the work made me pitiful and kindly. I learned much of the untold grievances of the natives and saw something of their strange, twisted reasoning.

Prester John was one of Buchan's earliest and least mature books, or possibly the fact that it was intended as a boy's book was responsible for the shrillness of its message. Elsewhere the racism was more a matter of instinct and sentiment than of ideology or doctrine. Buchan was not conscious of race as a "problem" to which racism provided a solution; it was precisely because he was so unconscious of it that he could say: "A nigger band, looking like monkeys in uniform, pounded out some kind of barbarous jingle." And it is precisely because we to-day are so acutely, unhappily conscious of it that we find this language offensive, whether in Buchan or in a writer of such distinction and delicacy as Conrad, who had no qualms about speaking of the "repulsive mask of a nigger's soul," of the "black mist... a subtle and dismal influence" emanating from him.

In spite of the usual protestations, to explain is, in large measure, to excuse. The familiar racist sentiments of Buchan, Kipling, even Conrad, were a reflection of a common attitude. They were descriptive, not prescriptive; not an incitement to novel political action, but an attempt to express differences of culture and colour in terms that had been unquestioned for generations. To-day, when differences of race have attained the status of problems—and tragic problems—writers with the best of motives and finest of sensibilities must often take refuge in evasion and subterfuge. Neutral, scientific words replace the old charged ones, and then, because even the neutral ones—"Negro" in place of "nigger"—give offence, in testifying to differences that men of goodwill would prefer forgotten, disingenuous euphemisms are invented —"non-white" in place of "Negro." It is at this stage that one may find a virtue of sorts in Buchan: the virtue of candour, which has both an æsthetic and an ethical appeal.

THE same observations may be made of Buchan's anti-semitism. What some have condemned as insensitivity or condescension may also be taken as a forthright expression of opinion—or not so much opinion, because that is to dignify it as a conscious judgment, but rather impression or experience. One cannot reasonably object to references to Jewish rag-dealers and pawn-brokers, Communists and financiers, when these were in fact conspicuous, both as individuals and as types, in an otherwise homogeneous society—unless one is prepared to impose a decree of silence on the entire subject of Jews. Nor is it reasonable to take offence at the patently fairy-tale account of an international conspiracy devised by Jewish anarchists and Jewish financiers, inspired by different and ingenious reasons, and led by a "little white-faced Jew in a bath-chair with an eye like a rattlesnake" who is avenging himself for centuries of persecution. If Buchan's Jewish villains are to be kept account of, the ledger ought also to include the Jewish heroes: the "richest man in the world," who is an entirely honourable and sympathetic figure and who is made the victim of another conspiracy precisely because his mission was to secure peace in the world; or his beautiful daughter, the fiancée of the Marquis de la Tour

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du Pin, one of Hannay's oldest and noblest friends. And even the Jewish villain is not necessarily the nastiest of villains; in *Mr. Standfast* he is the most decent of the lot.

This is not to suggest that Buchan was not anti-semitic. He was anti-semitic in the same sense that he was anti-Negro. If the Jews, unlike the Negroes, were not in all ways inferior, they were most certainly different, and as one of his American heroes put it (vulgar Americans could be relied on to say what polite Englishmen only thought), he simply "didn't like the race." But this kind of anti-semitism, indulged in at that time and place, was both too common and too passive to be scandalous. Men were normally anti-semitic, unless by some quirk of temperament or ideology they happened to be philo-semitic. So long as the world itself was normal, this was of no great consequence. It was only later, when social impediments became fatal disabilities, when anti-semitism ceased to be the prerogative of English gentlemen and became the affair of politicians and demagogues, that sensitive men were shamed into silence. It was Hitler, attaching such abnormal significance to filiation and physiognomy, who put an end to the casual, innocent anti-semitism of the clubman. When the conspiracies of the English adventure tale became the realities of German politics, Buchan and others had the grace to realise that what was permissible under civilised conditions was not permissible with civilisation *in extremis*. *Sick Heart River*, his last book, composed on the eve of the Second World War and in the shadow of his own death, was a tract exalting "brotherhood," as that term is understood in the now orthodox liberal lexicon. It is amusing to note that among the many financiers appearing in its pages, there is not a single Jew.

IN THE clubman syndrome, acute class consciousness was second only to race consciousness. It is sometimes suggested that for Buchan this class consciousness was both aggravated and made more reprehensible by its having been acquired rather than indigenous. The son of a modest Presbyterian minister, attending village schools, a grammar school, and finally the university at Glasgow, he was far removed from the upper-class English characters he described so lovingly. He did not even like school games, and although he did enjoy country sports—hunting, fishing, naturalising—it was without the ritual that the rich Englishman brought to them. Only when he was nineteen and entered Oxford did he get a glimpse of upper-class life. And for some time it was just a glimpse. Older than the Oxford boys, much poorer and more puritanical, he associated at first only with the other scholarship students. It was not until his third year, when prizes and profitable literary work had made him relatively affluent, that he began to experience a social emancipation corresponding to his financial liberation, and his circle expanded to include rowing and rugby stars as well as poets, writers, and orators. His social initiation was completed in London where he read law and then in South Africa with Milner.

What redeems Buchan from the double charge of either not knowing the clubman society he purported to describe, or if he did know it, of having gained entrée into it only by such an effort of will as to suggest a weakness of character, is the fact of his Scottishness. For the Scot is neither an outsider nor an interloper in the sense in which a Cockney or suburbanite might be. Like the American, he is alien enough to be assimilated and mobile enough to expect to be assimilated. His culture is not a despised sub-culture, but a culture in its own right. His accent and schooling are a token of national peculiarity, not of class inferiority. This is not to say that there was no climbing involved. Men accustomed to social mobility are accustomed to climbing. But it is not the same demeaning process to the foreigner that it would be to the native, does not involve the same repudiation of his past or alienation from himself.

It was his Scottishness, too, that made Buchan a Tory with a difference. For the Scottish Tory was a special breed, as he himself recognised: "A youth in Scotland who called himself a Tory was almost certain to be thinking about politics, and not merely cherishing a family loyalty." He was a Tory by will, not interest, his Toryism being a reflection of his political principles rather than of his own interests. He thought the existing class structure was both inevitable and desirable. Like William Morris, he could say that he respected the working class too much to want to turn it into a middle class. And like Disraeli, he wanted to cultivate the alliance between aristocracy and working class: "Democracy and aristocracy," he said, "can co-exist, for oligarchy is their common enemy." The word "oligarchy" was used advisedly, for what Buchan deplored was the tendency to make of class an exclusively economic category and to use social position as an economic instrument. He had no liking for the "genuine reactionaries" of his own party who "woke to life only in the budget season." Not committed to the principles of laissez-faire, he had no prejudice against socialist controls, public authorities, or welfare economics.

If class or social position was not identical with economics, neither was it fixed by birth, for history and character could alter what birth and money had established. It was the possibility, the actuality, of such alteration that

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attracted Buchan to the study of the English Civil War. And it was the nicety of his judgment that made him choose as his heroes Montrose rather than Charles, Cromwell rather than Lilburne: Montrose for recognising that there were occasions when revolution was warranted, Cromwell for recognising that there came a time in a revolution when authority had to be reasserted. Cromwell, he said, "was no Leveller or egalitarian, for the world could not do without its masters, but why reverence a brocaded puppet larded by a priest with oil, when there were men who needed no robes or sacring to make them kingly?" Authority remained, even as authorities were overthrown, and there were some more than others who were the natural repositories of such authority: "It is a melancholy fact which exponents of democracy must face that, while all men may be on a level in the eyes of the State, they will continue in fact to be preposterously unequal."

This declaration of inequality might have appeared in Buchan's *Cromwell*; in fact it appeared in his novel, *John Macnab*. The theme of this novel is not only the natural and rightful authority exercised by some men by virtue of their breeding, experience, and character, but also the natural and rightful impulse to rebel against that authority. John Macnab's gallant wager, to kill and remove against great odds a stag and salmon from his neighbour's property, is not the pæan to adventure that it may seem on the surface—sheer, gratuitous, gentlemanly adventure, *"le sport"* at its most absurd. It is rather a parable about authority and property and the perpetual challenge to which they are both subject. The ancient families, cherishing the tokens of their glorious antiquity and trying to remain unsullied by modern enterprise, are doomed to extinction, and justly so. (The heroine describes her sister: "She adores decay—and old memories and lost causes and all the rest of it. She's a sentimentalist and she'll marry Junius and go to America, where everybody is sentimental, and be the sweetest thing in the Western hemisphere.") The old Gaelic family motto, "Sons of Dogs, come and I will give you flesh," has given way to the genteel invention of the Herald's College, "Pro Dege et Rege," and the will to fight has succumbed to the wish to survive—as a result of which Lancashire cotton spinners are succeeding to the ancient houses and heirlooms. And the Lancashire manufacturers are advised to pay heed too, for the right of property "is no right at all." Neither property nor rank nor power has a right in perpetuity. Everything is held under sufferance; every privilege must be defended and legitimised anew.

Misled by the romantic cast of Buchan's novels, critics have assumed that his Toryism too was of the romantic variety that loves a lord, venerates the past, and despises the clerks and *entrepreneurs* of the middle class. In fact, his Toryism was radical rather than romantic, and he respected enterprise as he respected labour. While agreeing with Samuel Johnson that "life is barren enough surely with all her trappings; let us be therefore cautious of how we strip her," he had no fondness for trappings that interfered with the business of living, and no regrets for the régime that died in the First World War: "The radicalism which is part of the Tory creed was coming uppermost, and I looked forward to a clearing out of much rubbish."

IF Buchan's attitude to race and class is apt to cause dismay, his attitude to nation and empire may be even more distressing. "For King and Country," the homily of generations of housemasters, is taken to be the archaic and fatuous message of his work. Few to-day can sympathise with his own retrospect of the imperial vision:

> I dreamed of a world-wide brotherhood with the background of a common race and creed, consecrated to the service of peace; Britain enriching the rest out of her culture and traditions, and the spirit of the Dominions like a strong wind freshening the stuffiness of the old lands.

This ideal is commonly regarded to-day as a utopian fantasy. But Buchan himself was no innocent, and when he confessed to his dream it was with the knowledge that his words had become irredeemable platitudes. "The 'white man's burden,'" he complained towards the end of his life, "is now an almost meaningless phrase; then it involved a new philosophy of politics, and an ethical standard, serious and surely not ignoble."

If there was rhetoric and fancy in the imperialist circles around Milner, there was also a truth and grandeur which to-day is too little appreciated. In the biography of Cromwell, Buchan quoted Captain John Smith: "The greatest honour that ever belonged to the greatest monarchs was the enlarging of their dominions and erecting Commonweals"; and Harrington: "You cannot plant an oak in a flower-pot; she must have earth for her roots, and heaven for her branches." This is not to say that the imperial enterprise is always honourable; there are other motives and sentiments inspiring civilised communities that inhibit the impulse to greatness. But to deny the worthiness of the impulse as such is to have a crabbed view of both the past and the present. A respect for the integrity

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and independence of others is admirable, but so is a respect and faith in oneself; and while the missionary or proselytising temperament is to be suspected and feared, it is also, on occasion, to be esteemed. If self-serving motives are attributed to the imperialists, they can also be attributed to the "Little-Englanders," as was demonstrated by Raymond Asquith in a letter to Buchan, in which he rued the day England had let herself in for an empire:

> If only Englishmen had known their Aeschylus a little better they wouldn't have bustled about the world appropriating things. A gentleman may make a large fortune, but only a cad can look after it. It would have been so much pleasanter to live in a small community who knew Greek and played games and washed themselves.

The dilemma of the imperial ideal was also the dilemma of the national ideal. Here, too, Buchan had a finer sensibility, and at the same time a broader sympathy, than he and his kind have generally been credited with. Thus he did not finally decide between the creeds of Cromwell and Montrose: Cromwell, as Buchan saw it, seeking to create a "spiritualised and dedicated" nation; Montrose satisfied with a homely, modest, judicious government of checks and balances. He saw the glory of the first, but he realised that men might become satiated with high communal, as with high spiritual, ideals, and might prefer to devote themselves to their private concerns. He did not pretend that the first path was without its dangers, or the second without its virtues.

THERE was certainly a romantic streak in Buchan that invaded his politics. It was not, however, the sentimental romanticism with which the conservative is often associated—a sentimental attachment to tradition, rank, and pomp. It was rather a Gothic, almost apocalyptic vision of the dark, destructive forces contained in human beings and society. This sense of the infernal can best be illustrated in the character of his villains. The typical Victorian or Edwardian villain was a bounder and cad, a seducer of shopgirls, extortionist of money, sometimes a trafficker in national secrets. The Buchan villain deals in a different order of villainy. He is not a fallen gentleman but a fallen man, the personification of evil. He dabbles in black magic rather than sex, seeks not money but power, and trafficks in the secrets of the soul as much as those of the nation. Compared with him, even the sadist of the contemporary thriller is frivolous, for where his perversions are sexual and therefore private, Buchan's villains are satisfied with nothing less than the subversion of society.

Long before the H-bomb, A-bomb, and even ordinary old-fashioned aerial bombing, before the threat of Fascism and in the infancy of Communism, Buchan had that acute sense of the precariousness of civilisation that is now becoming the obsession of all men. What he feared was not so much the establishment of new ideologies and governments, not even the attempt to overthrow one government in favour of another, but rather the undermining of all government and society. Bolshevism, he suspected, was a cloak behind which the spirit of nihilism could radiate its more menacing threat. To be sure, Communism was insidious enough in its own right:

> A civilisation bemused by an opulent materialism has been met by a rude challenge. The free peoples have been challenged by the serfs. The gutters have exuded a poison which bids fair to infect the world. The beggar-on-horseback rides more roughshod over the helpless than the cavalier. A combination of multitudes who have lost their nerve and a junta of arrogant demagogues has shattered the comity of nations. The European tradition has been confronted with an Asiatic revolt, with its historic accompaniment of janissaries and assassins. There is in it all, too, an ugly pathological savour, as if a mature society were being assailed by diseased and vicious children.

But the poison that was now infecting the world had always lain dormant in it; the diseased and vicious children are, after all, our own progeny. What terrifies Hannay in *The Three Hostages* is the fact that the villains are high in the Establishment, that they might be found next to one at a shoot in Suffolk or a dinner party in St. James'. Even when the villain in one of the spy stories was a German, as he was morally bound to be, Buchan took pains to absolve him from the lesser villainy of nationality (Buchan was neither a Germanophobe nor a Russophobe) and even of espionage, in order to convict him of the greater villainy of a moral depravity bordering on diabolism.

This is hardly the housemaster's credo of king and country. Again, what distinguished Buchan was his Scottishness, the Calvinist sense of the unquiet depths that lay beneath the human surface. He feared that once the subconscious, lawless instincts of men were permitted to break through the barrier erected by civilisation, "there will be a weakening of the power of reasoning, which after all is the thing that brings men nearest to the Almighty; and there will be a failure of nerve." It was thus not the reason of state, even of a hostile state, that alarmed him, but the force of unreason itself.

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As early as the First World War he foresaw the development of a new kind of propaganda, compared with which the old-fashioned Prussian militarist variety was innocuous and innocent. It was Sandy Arbuthnot who warned Hannay of the new threat:

> The old necromancer fiddled away with cabalistic signs and crude chemicals and got nowhere; the true wizard is the man who works by spirit on spirit. We are only beginning to realise the strange crannies of the human soul. The real magician, if he turned up to-day, wouldn't bother about drugs and dopes. He would dabble in far more deadly methods, the compulsion of a fiery nature over the limp things that men call their minds.

Buchan's villains do not simply bribe, blackmail, or torture their victims; they also exploit hypnotism, hysteria, fanaticism, and a quasi-religious mysticism. Hannay, fortunately, is not susceptible to hypnotism, as he repeatedly comforts himself, but he is liable to his "one special funk": to be the quarry of an angry crowd. "I hated the thought of it—the mess, the blind struggle, the sense of unleashed passions different from those of any single blackguard. It was a dark world to me, and I don't like darkness."

Hannay may be an innocent, but his creator is not. Where Hannay knows only the "jolly party of clean, hard, decent fellows," Buchan knows as well the "abominable hinterland of mystery and crime." If in rebuttal to mystery and crime, Buchan seems to offer Hannay's decent-fellow ethic, it is no longer the ethic of the phlegmatic, obtuse Englishman. It has acquired the urgency of a desperate countermeasure, has become tainted with the same Calvinism that informs his sense of evil. Buchan is hard, realistic, unsentimental, apprehensive:

> It was a dogma of the elder liberalism that violence can never achieve anything, and that persecution, so far from killing a thing, must inevitably nourish it. For such optimism there is no warrant in history; time and again violence has wholly achieved its purpose, when it has been carried to its logical conclusion.

WHAT makes Buchan, and the ethos with which he is identified, so unpalatable today is not one or another cause for distaste: the idea that the good life is a matter of cold baths, rousing games, and indifferent sex; the apparent philistinism that put a high premium on success and a low premium on intelligence; an unseemly preoccupation with race and class; and a still more unseemly glorification of nation and empire. It is each of these and more: the sense of a temperament and mentality that is inimical to the prevailing "liberal imagination." The liberal celebrates the likenesses of men rather than their differences; individuals rather than race, class, or nation; the benevolent and malleable character of men rather than their recalcitrance. He chooses to understand rather than judge, and he is discreet where understanding fails him. He is as much repelled by intuition and prejudice as by the usages and prescriptions of tradition; he regards violence, like evil, as a negative quality, a temporary aberration, unreal both in its impulse and in its effect.

Buchan—Calvinist in religion, Tory in politics, and romantic in sensibility—has obviously nothing in common with all this. It is no accident that he was addicted to a genre, the romantic tale of adventure, which is itself alien to the liberal temper. For what kind of romance would it be that feared to characterise or categorise, to indulge the sense of evil, violence, and apocalypse? It is no accident, either, that the predominance of liberal values has meant the degeneration of a literary form so congenial to the Tory imagination and of which Buchan was so eminently a master.

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THEATRE

Theme and Challenge

By Nigel Dennis

All who love the torture-chamber will agree that this has been a gratifying month in the London theatre. In Herr Dürrenmatt's play, *The Visit*, the mental thumb-screws are put on Mr. Alfred Lunt at an early stage of the evening and tightened with memorable single-mindedness almost to the final curtain, when strangulation at last suspends his judgment. In *The Life of Galileo*, Mr. Bernard Miles, shown the Inquisition's instruments of torture, opts for Catholic roast goose rather than pure science and does us all the irremediable disservice of postponing the French Revolution. Within earshot, T. E. Lawrence is undergoing torture by the Turks, and Sir Thomas More decapitation by Henry VIII—but them we must leave to go their several ways because Brecht and Herr Dürrenmatt are, torturously speaking, of more pressing interest.

Both authors are, it would seem, convinced Brechtians, though they differ greatly in the rapidity of their approach. Herr Dürrenmatt gets to the point as soon as possible, while Brecht, feeling that the popular mind is on the slow side, adjusts his pace accordingly, as if translating for East German lads the "Mainly for Children" page of the *Sunday Times*. Yet there was really no need to exercise such patience, because the idea behind *Galileo* is just as simple as the idea behind *The Visit*. Shaw said of Ibsen that he began his plays where most dramatists left off, and perhaps it is time to say of Brecht that he stopped thinking where most thinkers start. Indeed, his refusal to think is what is so interesting about him, because it prompts us to ask: what is the responsibility of the thinker? But as that is the very question that Brecht is pressing upon Galileo, we feel a natural embarrassment at having to press it upon Brecht. Similarly, when we conclude that a greater readiness to champion scepticism would have made Brecht a better thinker, it is painful to find him picking on the same weakness in the astronomer. Or is *The Life of Galileo* really *The Autobiography of Brecht*? If it is, someone has shirked his proper duties.

We ask of the idea behind a play like *Galileo* that it be tolerably reasonable. If the play is a satirical comedy, or a farce, or a poetic fairy-tale, we do not care how unreasonable it is; but when the play is intellectually thematic or polemical, when it is expressly designed to educate us, we rise to the occasion by demanding a certain soundness of intellectual statement. It is no good saying: "Never mind the idea! Is it good theatre?" because the goodness of the intellectual theatre is directly related to the soundness of its idea. If a play rests on a fallacy or a lie, the more admirably it is dramatised the more clearly it will reveal the lie; and the more clearly the lie is revealed the less dramatic will be the drama. Nothing is worse than to be nagged through a play by the feeling that what is happening on the stage is unjustified and unnecessary, that its drama is meaningless because its situations are invalid. Nothing is more capable of making an audience shrug its shoulders than an effort to wring its withers under false pretences.

The theme of *Galileo* is clearly stated: "By recanting, Galileo postponed the dawn of the Age of Reason by one hundred years." We have no sooner heard it than a shudder of indignation goes through our nervous system. Of what calibre is a brain that can believe Ages have Dawns on Definite Dates and that history can fall a century behind itself thanks to a man's denying the earth's motion round the sun? Nor is it mere prejudice or personal opinion that makes us revolt against so absurd a proposition: we revolt because history itself renders the proposition absurd. Galileo was no isolated Ptolemaic priest-astronomer. His world was the tail-end of the Renaissance—the world of the post-Reformation and the printing-press, of Bacon, Descartes, Machiavelli, and Montaigne. The system which he denied had been affirmed by Copernicus years before Galileo was born.

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We know, therefore, that Brecht's proposition is a lie, and it is no consolation to know that the object of his lie is to make us better people. We wish, instead, that he had been a better person. Worse, we deny his drama, not only because the lie rankles but because, by power of dramatisation, it becomes bigger and bigger. The fine severity of the Mermaid set, the exact and careful division of the play into short, precise tableaux, the competence of Mr. Bernard Miles—they are all, in the end, destructive agents, *because* they fulfil the author's intention.

MANY people, of course, will deny strongly that Brecht was a liar. They will insist that he was just stupid and sentimental—and we are only too happy to back them up with chapter and verse. Far from doing his own thinking, Brecht dramatised other people's thinking. His borrowings cannot be described as Marxist, because the idea that one astronomer could postpone history is entirely contrary to Marxist teaching. Brecht's borrowings were from a Radicalism in which thinking played as small a part as possible: the heart must go out to the people, but the head were best employed, first, refusing to entertain thoughts that might put the heart in an untenable position, second, remembering and putting to paper the common catchwords and clichés of humane, Radical opinion. When we find these in *Galileo*, we are not invigorated. To such declarations as: "I believe in reason" and "I believe in the human race," the most we can reply is: "Oh, good show!" When one of Galileo's assistants complains that through love of his master he forwent a new pair of trousers and is told by a fellow-assistant: "You had to put up with it because we were working for science," we only feel that the meaning of sacrifice is put over better by Bishop Wand. The pietism: "For our new ideas we'll need people who work with their hands" may set audiences ablaze with happiness in a People's Republic; but have not even *they* heard it said rather frequently? Indeed, the common catchword was as dear to Brecht's mind as were the common people to Brecht's heart, and whatever the situation might be, he always knew what platitude it demanded. This came home particularly vividly when the Cardinal-Inquisitor, seating himself beside Galileo's daughter, opened conversation with the words: "Are you staying with us here in Rome, Miss Galileo?"

We have referred already to Mr. Miles's admirable shaping and staging of *Galileo*. The severity of the background colour, the clarity of line, proportion and perspective are perfect examples of how a stage can associate with, and delineate, an author's intention. Brecht's raw material is pure science; Mr. Miles's stage provides the neutral accuracy of geometry. All depends, therefore, on the author's ability to justify such a stage, to make his argument a match for the precision of his sets. Brecht's failure to give satisfaction is revealing as well as disappointing. It suggests that his powers lay in framing and shape-making, for which we cannot praise him enough. But in the matter of filling-up his ingenious spaces, he seems to have had a certain amount of wit, a strictly limited brain, and a very cunning understanding of how to make sentimentality look harsh and tough. This last power could be extremely cajoling when personified with dwarfs, cripples, beggars, and old women, and insinuated into the senses of the audience with syringefuls of appropriate music. But its very efficacy indicated the mental corruption behind it. The end was meant to justify the means—and the end was not thoughtful or accurate enough to do its work of justification.

HERR DURRENMATT'S *The Visit* presents us with a different but comparable problem. Here, again, the theme is announced clearly and strongly. The villainess is told: "But, Madam, you cannot buy justice!;" she answers flatly: *"Everything can be bought!"* It rests with Herr Dürrenmatt to prove the lady right—and with us to be convinced that his proofs are sound ones. The fact that we are sitting in a theatre, not arguing in a real room, makes no difference at all: the author has presented a challenge to us and must override our doubts and protests. Herr Dürrenmatt is a passionate admirer of Swift, but *The Visit* has nothing in common with, say, *A Modest Proposal*. The latter rests squarely upon a proposal that is the opposite of modest. Both author and reader know it to be no more than a dreadful fantasy: there is no lie or fallacy, because author and reader have agreed, in advance, to pretend. But Herr Dürrenmatt is not pretending, in *The Visit*, any more than Brecht is pretending in *The Life of Galileo*. Where Swift *pretended* that a haunch of milk-fed Irish baby was a dish fit for an English king, Dürrenmatt is in the tougher position of having to *demonstrate* that "everything can be bought." Where the essayist can play at hazard with his theme, the dramatist must prove his in action, through his characters.

Herr Dürrenmatt's efforts to win his challenge are vigorous and astonishing. He tells us that a woman who has been seduced and betrayed in youth by a fellow-townsman returns to the town in her old age, a multi-millionairess, and demands the murder of her now-elderly seducer, in return for which she will pay the townspeople

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one billion marks. Her immodest proposal is rejected with horror—in fact, it is rejected throughout the play. The townspeople get their billion marks and the lady departs with the seducer in his coffin, but nobody has been "bought," nobody has been "murdered." The doctor certifies the seducer's death as "heart-failure." The mayor says flatly: "He died of joy." Thus, when Herr Dürrenmatt declares that "everything can be bought," he makes clear to us that the purchase is a delicate transaction. It can only be performed if people are able to assure themselves that it is not being performed at all.

How the townspeople develop this self-assurance is demonstrated by Herr Dürrenmatt with the nicest ingenuity. It is hard to think of a more brilliant stroke than that of showing the townsmen tenderly and loyally putting their arms round the shoulders of the seducer, while their feet display brand-new shoes which they have bought on credit. It is clear to him, poor wretch, that *he* is their security, that *his* life must ultimately pay for *their* shoes. But this is never clear to those who buy the shoes, and it is their wonderful faculty for, as it were, not letting their loyal arms know what their murderous feet are doing that reduces their victim to such a state of horror that, in the end, he would rather assist them to murder him than remain alive in their company.

On seeing this play for the first time, it seemed that Herr Dürrenmatt had won his challenge handsomely. The gruesome impact was immense, even the violent personal rebellion it aroused indicated that there was, to say the least, extreme power of provocation. A second visit, made with the aim of finding out if the rebellion was justified, produced a very unexpected result: the play seemed to be rather uninteresting.

The reason for this, perhaps, is that although audacity can win hands down at first sight, it ceases to be audacious at second sight, when its ingenuities are no longer novel. Herr Dürrenmatt has the priceless gift of driving hard and exactly to his chosen end—but the means he employs must not be inspected too closely. He is bold enough to show the town pastor and schoolmaster, and even the victim's own wife and children, concurring in the death sentence, but he has not the intellectual capacity to "prove" their subversion: he skates, where Strindberg would have paused to dig a horrifying grave and Pirandello to uncover a painfully life-like skeleton. But who will see *The Visit* twice? There can be little doubt that it will go its way through the world for many a long year, leaving a contented trail of horror behind it and making thousands of people question the soundness of their moral principles. We are even inclined to believe that *The Visit* may affect history more than Galileo's recantation did; but this is a mere suggestion: we would retract it immediately in the face of torture, or even evidence.

May we end with a suggestion about the programme of the new Royalty Theatre, which has opened with *The Visit*? This proud pamphlet contains smiling photographs of the Lunts, and of Mr. Peter Brook, the producer, and little sketches of their lives, and a letter (with smiling photograph) by Mr. Bernard Delfont, and facsimile signatures of sixteen actors and actresses who welcome the new theatre, and details about the stage mechanism and Mr. Charles Clore's love of the drama. Could there also be a note—only a small one—about the author? It would not only be polite, it would show where the smiles came from, where love begins.

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FILM

Sweet Life and Uneasy Slumber

Letter from Rome — By NICOLA CHIAROMONTE

THE uproar that has been aroused by the film *La Dolce Vita* all over Italy was officially recognised in Parliament on February 17th by the Under-secretary for Entertainment, who said that: "The government is not disposed to accept the request of the many people who have asked that the film be withdrawn from circulation, since fears that it may harm the good name of our country and of Rome are quite unfounded."

So nothing special had happened: public order, sound æsthetics, the sacred character of the city of Rome, Italian prestige throughout the world, the foundations of society and of Catholic morals—none of these were endangered. Nor, on the other hand, were the freedom of the cinema, the future of neo-realism, the right of existentialist suffering, the moral and social progress of Italians, or the fate of national culture (or even "the very fount of culture and knowledge," as a distinguished woman lawyer called it in the fervour of all the excitement). There was no danger at all for anyone or anything. The film in question was a film like any other. And yet, for a fortnight, Italy was in a turmoil. Famous novelists, poets, philosophers, critics, yellow-press journalists, film enthusiasts, politicians, priests and prelates had all taken a stand for or against the film; so had the entire press, including the organ of Catholic Action (in defence of the film) and that of the Vatican City (violently opposed to it), the political parties, Parliament, the government; public meetings were held with overflowing crowds. It seems His Holiness the Pope was almost involved in the excitement himself; and there is no doubt at all that if John XXIII's predecessor had been sitting on Peter's throne, he would not have failed to add his own views to those of the many others who were happy to contribute to the racket.

It was not easy to pick out the exact subject of all the noise. Was it the film itself? In all the shouting precious little was said about the sequence of moving images which the director, Fellini, had made. People talked about the sense of sin, about lack of faith, class-consciousness, the Western woman, pornography, Jesus Christ, Petronius Arbiter, the longing for truth, the transcendent conception of the world, the renewal of Italian life, bacilli, poisonous snakes, and even private matters like "the need to take a rest"; Fellini was ridiculously praised or ridiculously insulted, and accredited with noble or perverted intentions; but of what was actually shown on the screen people spoke only fleetingly. What Anita Ekberg dressed as a priest had to do with class-consciousness, or a woman who wants to make love in a prostitute's bed had to do with Jesus Christ, what a promiscuous party in an old palace had to do with Petronius Arbiter, or the suicide of a corny intellectual with the longing for truth, or a strip-tease at Fregene with the renewal of Italian life, was apparent only to those who did the talking: certainly not to the enormous majority who poured into the cinema to see the wonders promised by all the excitement. And as far as this large audience is concerned you can safely presume that, since the film cost (they say) 750 million lire, it urgently needs to get back a pretty tidy sum in entrance tickets; which it certainly wouldn't get by relying solely on an audience composed of a national élite.

Is it Art, then? Well, if you follow what was said, the subject of the dispute might just as well have been a novel, a five-act tragedy, an obscene action, a political manifesto, a sermon, a musical comedy, or even a statue. This fact throws some light on the whole affair. For some time now our intellectuals (not to mention journalists, priests, and M.P.s) have been talking of the cinema so carelessly, and at the same time with such preciousness, that the specific difference between the cinematographic image and verbal or plastic expression, is completely obscured. This difference, which is obvious to

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the thoughtless hundreds of millions who go to the cinema to get away from their worries, and for whom films are made, is something the highbrows do not know. Which gives rise to the rather serious suspicion that intellectual critics no longer have a clear notion of their own job; and in this particular case they also seem to lack a clear notion of what the movies are about.

WERE the contents of this now-famous film the real cause of the outcry? It would appear so, since people talked of them, not as if they were fictitious but as if they had really happened: a public scandal, an act of bravado, a bit of nose-thumbing at the established powers and at collective hypocrisy. And here one begins to understand. Because, as Ennio Flaiano, the scriptwriter of the film, said: "Any newspaper or illustrated magazine gives more examples of moral and social disintegration in a single issue than our story so modestly tells...." No doubt. For the last twenty years (not to mention the twenty years before that) Italians have seen such a spectacle of nudity, deformity, and false miracles in real life that, beside them, the images Fellini has chosen to show them in his film pale. A single chapter of the Montesi affair contained far more simple recognisable filth, and went much further into the recesses of national profligacy. Also, a single recent article by Ernesto Rossi about the rapacity of Italian plutocrats or by Antonio Cederna on the ravages wrought by real-estate speculators, reveal worse corruption, sloth, and moral laxity than a dozen inoffensive nocturnal layabouts. Well then, did Italians have to wait to see a woman publicly undressing in a film to feel the foundations of their country, of the family, and of religion rocking, or to feel themselves filled with a holy enthusiasm for the naked truth? Were they awaiting the revelation of *La Dolce Vita* to know themselves and their world? Were they waiting for Fellini to open the breach so that they could feel that the signal for "the renewal of national life" had sounded and to fling themselves into the assault of their home-grown Bastilles? They had been looking at the life around them far more indifferently than they watched a documentary on some exotic country. Was it possible that a film that showed them a few incidents from it sent them into a frenzy?

No, the contents of the film were not enough to explain that outburst of collective hysteria. Those who shrieked "scandal" were, obviously, idiots; the others were just as obviously the confused victims of a gross illusion. The subject of the whole uproar was imaginary.

Yes, but the fact that it occurred at all remains to be worked out, and to work it out one must go back to the beginning, to Fellini's decision to show on the screen things which had certainly never been shown on the screen to Italians as examples of "life round the corner"—things that were well-known and (taken in themselves) quite banal, things already widely seen in photographs and news items, but never before exposed to the eyes of all in that place for all, the cinema.

The mistake lay in a misunderstanding of the nature of that decision and of the cinema itself; and the misunderstanding itself was caused by the great confusion reigning in Italian society (and not only Italian) about its own present condition, the forces at work in it, the tools it uses, the language it speaks, the behaviour that it encourages.

Fellini's decision to show in the cinema gestures and words that *risked* violating certain indigenous taboos, was certainly a bold one. But it had nothing to do with public or private conscience, or with the actual reality of those taboos, although it had plenty to do with the place where they were violated: the cinema screen. What the defenders of national prestige and morality objected to was the fact that certain gestures were made in the cinema—that is, they looked as if they were really being made in public—and not the fact that they looked real; this showed their enormous stupidity, to say nothing of their hypocrisy. On the other hand, the film's champions took the fact that these same gestures were shown in the cinema as a sign of freedom of expression and national revival, as if they revealed unknown depths; which simply showed they couldn't quite discern the difference between the cinema and real life. Because it was obvious that if Fellini's boldness had gained a certain freedom, it was a purely cinematic freedom: something connected with the screen, not with any other place or form of expression, and certainly not with real Italian society.

AT THIS point, I should like to recall the difference that exists between words and film images as a means of communication. Reduced to its simplest elements the difference depends on this: you speak for those who can understand. Faced with someone of whom you are certain "cannot understand," you are silent. The number of people with whom you speak is therefore always limited, if for no other reason than that the very act of communication presupposes a certain common fund of experience and feeling, and this cannot exist with everyone. Besides, the act of speaking with people like ourselves implies an act of faith, cautious but unlimited, in the human mind: "Anyone who doesn't understand me to-day may perhaps understand me to-morrow, if he thinks it over."

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From this springs the great freedom of the true artist and the true thinker, who indeed speaks, in order to be understood to-day, but in a way that shows that it does not matter to him whether it is to-day or a hundred years from now. So he says all he has to say as he thinks it ought to be said, and bothers about the rest as little as possible. But if he were forced to speak to everyone, and only to the present, he could say only what suited everyone in the present; and little or practically nothing of what really mattered to him.

Now it happens that the cinema is the means of communication that is forced to speak to *all at the same time*, and in the present. The moving image of objects and actions is in fact the ultimate example of the commonplace: a perfectly tautologous symbol in which no one can refuse to recognise what is shown. So its immediate effect cannot fail, and herein lies its enormous efficacity. On the other hand, when you come to the way it speaks—or rather to the way it juxtaposes its images to get the desired effect—it seems enormously slavish for it can use only the language of the platitudes it manipulates. The cinema is despotic master of the world of sensuous appearances and outward behaviour, but slave of the very reality which it has the privilege of showing us: the world which everyone sees or can see. To the degree that it departs from this primary fact, the language of the cinema grows false, and contradicts its own nature.

The real, the congenital, the inescapable censorship of the cinema lies in the slavery which chains this means of expression to an infinite series of platitudes, to the world of everybody as it appears to everybody, and to the exigencies of the sure-fire, immediate effect. This is one of the reasons that official censorship appears so ridiculous, always dashing to put salt on the tail of a bird that isn't there. On the one hand, it doesn't realise that the desecration of life—the violating of taboos—is intrinsic in the cinema itself, in its capacity to show everything from outside, poker-faced, without regard to any particular context, or to any traditional meaning, thus making everything purely objective and neutral. On the other hand, it tries to stop things being shown which no one could want to show if they had not already happened and if they were not already an integral part of everybody's world. For the reality which the camera can register contains everything and the opposite of everything, not merely what the censors would like; any more than it contains only what film æsthetes insist on having there. In the language the cinema can speak, the scandalous and the edifying, the horrible and the pathetic, the extraordinary and the banal, are all cemented together. One of the pair cannot exist without the other. Taboos are re-stated at the very moment they are profaned, and the sacred is desecrated by the very fact of being shown in its indifferent objectiveness. Everything is reduced to the level of platitude. Everything becomes just one fact among others. And the sum total is always nought: the world as it is, the algebraic sum of all the sense and nonsense possible.

To force the platitudes he uses into having a particular meaning, and to show us what has so far been undescribed, the film director has two means at his disposal: violence and simplification (not simplicity). Violence, or the decision to push the image as far as it will go emotively, to the point of brutality; and simplification, that is, the effort to reduce the image itself to its visual nakedness, stripping it as much as possible of its association with the world of words. These are the two main possibilities of the language of the film. And in them lie the incomparable immediacy of its effect, and its equally incomparable evanescence. The director's ability lies in his calculated and adroit use of them.

But to use the image brutally—so as to show *everything*—means exteriorising things to the point of making them purely objective, neutral, both irrefutable and meaningless. On the other hand, to divest the image of its associations with the language of words, to isolate it, and make it abstract and dumb, means abandoning it to itself, letting everyone read what he wants to read in it, and rendering it as ambiguous as possible.

It is between these two extremes that the sequence of fake actions, that is the cinema "story" moves. The art of the movie director consists in sticking to the laws of the medium: ordinary language and meanings which everyone can understand *immediately*. Which is the same as saying that he must speak the current language of the society in which he operates. The director is tied to this society, and to its present situation, not just because of the language which he uses, but because of the fact that making a film is subject to material conditions which are simply not comparable with those on which works based on words depend. It is a matter of industry, of business, of finance, rather than of art.

This is something that many radical film æsthetes like to ignore and to attribute to the evil effects of the "capitalist system"; but the fact remains, and those who work in the cinema know it perfectly well. And there is not the smallest doubt that even in an ideal collectivist society a film would need so large an investment of capital that it would be unthinkable for it

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ever to be made at a loss for the pure love of art. The more a film costs, the greater the number of people who *must* like it, and the greater the precautions that must be taken against the risk of only a few people liking it. And this means that the more a film seeks to make a stir, the more it hopes to win a wide public, the more firmly it must be built on a framework of current platitudes. In this respect the cinema's language greatly resembles that of the journalist's.

WELL then, how can the director ever be bold? How can he succeed in showing something never before *seen* (on the screen), the showing of which will outrage certain contemporary prejudices?

The answer is simple: he can go to the limits of the horrible, the obscene, and the blasphemous, but he must also in some way re-establish the importance of "normal" reality: the reality that contains everything and the contradiction of everything; where there is vice, but also innocence; crime, but also punishment; impure love, but also pure love; where the horrible is never without the beautiful, or the sacrilegious without the sacred; where if false miracles occur, there always remains the hope of real ones; and so on, all the way along the really infinite sequel of platitudes.

Thus, for example, having shown us, with pitiless detail and without a break, four men condemned to death, waiting for the moment of execution, three of whom he takes up to the last step before the guillotine, the director Cayette lets us hope that the fourth one will be pardoned by a mythical president of the Republic. There is the unbearable horror and the defilement of human justice shown in all its objective nudity as entertainment; but that same justice is re-consecrated by the pious belief that at the last moment it may be humanised; there is also the edifying idea that capital punishment can be abolished by the sheer force of cinematic emotion, and that in any case making a film on capital punishment means *taking a stand* against it. This was the price the director had to pay to balance the cruelty of his images: a price implicit in the means he uses.

And so too—less brutally, but with no less determination—Fellini shows us mass superstition and adds the priests that condemn it; he shows us the details of two Italian-style orgies and counterpoints them with images of adolescent purity. This is not ambiguity; it is the proper instinct of a film-maker. The first images irresistibly demanded others which meant the opposite, for without them they would be unbalanced and arbitrary. It was a matter of making things "real." Now in reality, you cannot deny that if there's one side of a thing there's also another. The director showed us nothing we did not already know. What he did was to show things which had "never been seen" in a context of fairly credible ordinariness; which was exactly what he meant to do.

Yet, in the uproar aroused by the film, people spoke as if it were a shameful or admirable act of revelation; as if the director had wanted to scandalise one lot of people to champion the cause of another lot; while all he wanted to do was to make a film that would make everybody sit up and take notice. And the best proof that he succeeded was that mistaken uproar.

The uproar was so mistaken, and the director behaved so cleverly, that the whole argument suddenly seemed as if it had been thought up by Pirandello. While the *Osservatore Romano* kept up its heavy gunfire, more than one reverend father, questioned by a Roman journalist, found that the film "couldn't harm anyone" and that it "tended to have good influence"; while the Catholic writer Diego Fabbri, Gospel in hand, said that even the scandal was a good thing. As for the "progressives," they kept exalting the film's revolutionary meaning and preferred not to notice what was rightly considered reassuring in it by the opposite party. As for the cause of the rumpus, it continued—exactly as happens in Pirandello's wildest inventions—to prove both sides right and wrong. It remained what it was. And as the clamour grew, the number of people who flocked to see the "monster" increased in geometric proportion.

So, trapped by fictitious excitement about an unreal object, clerics and Communists, reactionaries and progressives, famous and unknown writers all freely fed one of the most successful and spontaneous publicity campaigns of our day. At any rate, that was the only substantial effect of all their excitement.

The whole affair had nothing to do with religion, or morals, or art, or progress. It had to do with the actual state of our Italian society—which has broken its banks, and drags traditions and ideologies, customs and institutions, in its overflow. Carried away on the current, clerics and laymen, bourgeois and workers, intellectuals and politicians, continue to sleep, each one shut up in his own private world of uneasy slumbers and incoherent dreams.

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NOTES & TOPICS

The Censor's Reply

CENSORSHIP of any kind is always a popular subject of attack. The censorship of plays was at one time the target: more recently it has been film censorship. Some of the journalists who cater for the popular press find in film censorship a convenient subject for morbid sensation. Articles written from this motive are usually misleading and sometimes dishonest. There are, however, other critics of film censorship, mainly of the younger intellectual group, who plead for its abolition on the ground that it destroys the work of the creative artist who must be free to express his ideas without restraint. This form of criticism deserves a reasoned answer.

Mr. Derek Hill's long and documented article in the June number of ENCOUNTER is an example of this type of criticism. Unfortunately many of the alleged facts on which he bases his case for the abolition of film censorship are untrue. Since little has been written, and less published, on this subject, Mr. Hill has had to rely to a considerable extent on guess-work, and many of his guesses are wrong. He has a right to his own opinions, but it would be a pity if readers of his article were misled, even unwittingly, by inaccurate statements.

The facts are as important to the defence as they are to the prosecution, so the defence must start by correcting some of the more important inaccuracies in Mr. Hill's article.

Mr. Hill is evidently under the impression that the British Board of Film Censors came into existence because the cinema trade was frightened at the prospect of arbitrary censorship by the local authorities. He claims that the trade appealed to the Home Secretary for a national system of censorship, and eventually set up its own Board when neither the Government nor the London County Council would accept the responsibility.

The author of this critique of Derek Hill's article on "The Habit of Censorship" (in the July ENCOUNTER*) is the Secretary of the British Board of Film Censors—and his contribution has, we believe, an additional documentary importance in the development of what is, we believe, a vital discussion.*

THE FACTS ARE VERY DIFFERENT. The first cinema was opened in 1906, and in the next few years the number increased rapidly as this new form of entertainment greatly appealed to young and old alike. But there were complaints from the public about a few of the films which were being shown. There was no censorship of any kind at that time, and the trade, alarmed about the effect of these complaints on the box office, held a meeting and decided to take action to protect their interests. They decided to consult the Home Secretary, and in February 1912 they put before him a proposal that they themselves should set up a Board of Censors whose decisions would be accepted by the makers and importers of films. The Board would be completely independent, and their expenses would be met by the trade by means of fees charged for the examination of films. They invited the Home Secretary to appoint some kind of appellate body. The Home Secretary welcomed the proposal but he did not favour the idea that he should appoint an appellate body. He pointed out that about a year before the High Court had decided that a licence given by a local authority under the Cinematograph Act, 1909 (which was intended to deal only with questions of safety), might include conditions dealing with matters other than safety, and he suggested that a condition might perhaps properly provide that nothing objectionable should be shown. He suggested, therefore, that the cinema trade should approach the local authorities. Fortified by this reception of their proposal, the trade set up their censorship and secured the support of the London County Council and a number of other local authorities. But as the legal position was still uncertain some local authorities took no action and the resulting want of uniformity gave rise to strong public complaints because some films were being shown in one area and prohibited in another. In 1916 the new Home Secretary decided to meet this situation by appointing an official censorship, and he secured the support of the local authorities, but the cinema trade preferred to retain their own system, and, on a change of Government taking place, the proposal was dropped. A few years later, in 1921, the High Court decided that a licensing authority could delegate its responsibility to the Board of Film Censors so long as it retained a right of appeal. The effect of this decision was to promote uniformity of action as the local authorities throughout the country, with the direct encouragement of the Home Secretary,

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henceforward accepted the certificates of the Board of Film Censors.

IN THIS BRIEF HISTORY the significant facts are first that the present system of censorship was proposed by the industry, and secondly that the Government, having at one time seriously considered introducing state censorship of films, abandoned the idea in favour of a continuance of voluntary censorship with the right of appeal to the local authorities which were the censors in law. Mr. Hill claims that the continuing existence of this system of censorship is due to its benefits to three interested groups. He amplifies this as follows:

> The distributors regard it as the least of a host of possible evils. The Local Authorities let it get on with the work while they retain the real power. Finally, and less openly, Governments have always found it anxious to concur with the policy of the moment.

He follows this with the statement that "In fact the Board has offered itself as a tool to successive Governments while maintaining the appearance of independence," supporting this by the "evidence" that various Presidents and Secretaries of the Board had previously had experience in the public service.

Almost all this is untrue. The industry—not only the distributors—welcome the present system of censorship and have no desire to see it abolished since in general it serves them well as a protection from external pressure. The local authorities let the Board get on with the work, but comparatively few take any direct interest and only on rare occasions act as courts of appeal. The Board is completely independent of Government influence and does not consult Government Departments before taking its decisions. Furthermore, it does not regard the protection of "the Establishment" from criticism as one of its functions; nor does it engage in political censorship. It claims to be independent, and it is independent.

MR. HILL also has a completely false impression of the present views of the local authorities on the work of the Board. After referring to certain signs of relaxation of censorship in recent years he continues as follows:

> But these signs of apparent progressiveness have failed to satisfy the seven hundred local authorities who theoretically control film censorship in this country. The County Councils Association and the Association of Municipal Corporations are hoping for a conference between the local licensing representatives and the British Board of Film Censors to discuss the frequency with which the Board's decisions are being amended all over the country. A few local authorities' rulings show some wariness of the Board's much-publicised "new leniency," but the majority indicate that its decisions are still considered too rigorous. . . .

The position is entirely different from this. In fact very few films in any year are the subject of appeals, and appeals are made almost exclusively by the small companies that try to compete in the "celluloid jungle" by showing films that the main companies would not distribute at all. Again, with rare exceptions, appeals are made to a comparatively small number of local authorities, largely since the machinery is cumbersome. A few years ago some films showing scenes taken in nudist camps, rejected by the Board, were sent to some three hundred local authorities, but this was regarded by the Board as a useful test of public opinion on a difficult point of policy. Normally appeals on any one film are made to not more than fifty local authorities, a small proportion of the total number. A good many authorities support the Board's decisions; some reverse them. Occasionally films passed by the Board are banned by authorities. The London County Council has for some time, with a few exceptions, supported the Board.

THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN the Board and representatives of the principal associations of local authorities, to which Mr. Hill refers, was proposed by the Board with a view to increasing mutual understanding of the present problems. It arose out of informal discussions on complaints from one County Council that the Board was too lenient in dealing with films showing violence and brutality. There is certainly no foundation whatever for the statement that the majority of local authorities "indicate that its (the Board's) decisions are still considered too rigorous." The great majority of local authorities are preoccupied with their administrative responsibilities and have little time for such considerations.

Mr. Hill continues the case for the prosecution by presenting a long list of films banned by the Board since 1912. The list covers the period up to 1939 only. He does not mention that some of the films originally banned have since received certificates: this is due to the changing climate of public opinion and to the introduction in 1952 of the *X*-certificate which entirely altered the position by making possible for the first time the screening of films which children under 16 were not permitted to see.

He then refers to the fact that the Board has no written code to which it requires films to conform and suggests that there is an "elusive, unwritten code" which may be deduced from its recent decisions. His deductions are entertaining

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but absurd. He refers to the secrecy of the Board and of distributors about the detail of censorship action, and then quotes a number of details about censored films that are so wildly inaccurate that it is evident that this secrecy has been well observed by both parties. It is monstrous of Mr. Hill to suggest that the observance of secrecy by the film companies is due to their awareness "that their disclosure of the Board's decisions and arguments may so worsen their relationship with the Board that their future films will suffer." It would be a pleasure to correct each inaccurate statement and misquotation, but it would be a breach of confidence and wearisome to readers.

PERHAPS THE MOST DAMAGING criticism is the suggestion that the Board has in a subtle way prevented British film producers from tackling "worthwhile themes." Presumably by this phrase Mr. Hill means themes of social and political purpose. This is completely untrue, as many British film-makers would testify. If film-makers have not chosen themes of this kind it is not because of censorship but because they, or possibly the distributors, have learned from experience that such films do not as a rule become box-office attractions. From the early years of the century the film was regarded as family entertainment and until recently it was the deliberate policy of the industry to maintain this. The industry did not want adult themes for the regular cinema audiences. It was, however, recognised by the Board that there was an audience that wanted adult films, and it was the Board that proposed the introduction of the *X*-certificate which made the way clear. The fact that this certificate has been abused and exploited does not invalidate it. Its introduction gave a freedom to the creative film-maker that he could not have before.

SO FAR the defence has been concerned with showing the weakness of the foundations on which the case for the prosecution is built. This could have been done at much greater length and in much greater detail. It would, however, be tedious and unprofitable to do this and it seems important to attempt a positive justification for film censorship in the present state of society.

In a free society restrictions on the individual should be as few as possible, and it is right that each restriction should be challenged by thinking people. It is undeniable that there must be some restrictions in the interests of the community, and the question is, therefore, one of degree.

Films are a powerful influence. The combination of vision and speech is infinitely more powerful than speech alone or the written word. This raises the question whether society can permit the exhibition of films without any control, when it can allow comparatively free expression in speech and writing. Even now some ten to twelve million people buy cinema tickets each week, and it is more than probable that few of these people are influenced by speech or writing alone. Furthermore the cinema audiences include a very large number of young people, of whom many are children. If the cinemas were concerned solely with the expression of ideas there would perhaps be a case for freedom from control, but the film is very largely a medium of entertainment and it is with this, rather than with the expression of ideas, that we must be concerned.

THE PRIMARY JUSTIFICATION of film censorship is the protection of children, and there can be few people who would argue that this is unreasonable. It would be wrong to subject children to entertainment which emphasised the delights of vice and corruption, of sadism and sex in its more intimate detail. It is much more difficult to decide whether or not the adult should be protected, and if so from what. In considering this question it must not be forgotten that at present *X*-films can be seen by sixteen-year-old boys and girls, who are at an impressionable age. The British Board of Film Censors cannot assume responsibility for the guardianship of public morality. It cannot refuse for exhibition to adults films that show behaviour which contravenes the accepted moral code, and it does not demand that "the wicked" should always be punished. It cannot legitimately refuse to pass films which criticise "the Establishment" and films which express minority opinions. At the same time it believes that there are some films, or scenes in films, which are not suitable for public exhibition even to adults.

IT MAY be argued that adults should be entitled to be their own censors. If they were, and in consequence there was no question of film companies ever being required by the Board of Film Censors or any other censorship body to make a cut in an *X*-film, there is little doubt that a good many unsavoury films would be exhibited, and it is highly probable that they would attract large audiences. There are some who say that if the public wants pornography it should be allowed to have it, but such people are surely in a minority. Certainly the film industry would not want it, since it has always wished to retain a high reputation with the public.

It is true that the law would provide a certain protection, but obscenity is by no means easy to

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prove in a court and there would be many border-line cases which would not justify legal action. Furthermore, legal action would be confined to obscenity, and there are other things, such as extremes of sadistic violence, which would be unhealthy and possibly dangerous to exhibit. This kind of thing is especially dangerous to show to young people, some of whom find pleasure in the expression of violence and thus create a problem for society. It would be good if one could believe that censorship for the adult is unnecessary, but in the present imperfect state of society this appears to be an unrealised ideal.

Mr. Hill ends his article as follows:

> Is it impossible that an appeal to reason, based upon the national acceptance and pride in the freedom allotted to the Press, might free us from the wretched habit of censorship?

But would it be reason if film censorship were abolished? And is there any parallel with the freedom of the press?

Mr. Hill seems to think that, if there must be a continuance of censorship, any body of censors could do the job better than the British Board of Film Censors. He suggests, with reservations, that a panel of film critics might be an improvement, without mentioning that if film critics served as Examiners of films they would have no time to be critics as well.

WHAT ALTERNATIVES ARE THERE? One would be to leave it to the seven hundred or more local authorities, which would be impracticable. Another would be to set up a State Board of Censors. Is there any reason to suppose that this would do the job better than the present voluntary and independent Board? And would not a State Board produce the same sort of difficulties as exist in France, where film-makers are restricted by political considerations? At least the present Board is unhampered by regulations or written codes, and is free to judge each film on its merits.

Since censorship must always be based on subjective impression it must always be open to criticism, and any body of censors, even a panel of critics, would find its decisions criticised. But criticism does not necessarily mean that the job is not well done, and many film-makers would share the view of the late Max Ophuls who said that the British film censorship was "the most intelligent in the world." Many people would agree with Mr. Hill that "the habit of censorship" is "wretched," but if there has to be censorship let it be intelligent and based on independent judgment.

John Trevelyan

. . . and other views

THERE is not a great deal one can add to Derek Hill's splendid article on film censorship, which pins it down in all its squalid stupidity. One can simply add a few random examples of one's own experience of the way this overbearingly partisan operation works.

However, I do think there is one important point which should not be overlooked. The Board's history of dedicated prejudice and devotion to mediocrity has been very helpfully and consistently sustained by most British film producers, since these are the qualities they both have in common.

Films like those made by the Boulting Brothers get by easily because they embody the same kind of values as the censors', albeit transparently disguised by spurious social comment.

Mr. Trevelyan has said publicly that the Board is paid to have dirty minds, and there is no question that its members must have been hand-picked by a professional or semi-official pornographer.

For example, a line was cut from *The Entertainer* which the Board admitted being unable to understand but, which, they said, sounded dirty to *them*. Another line was cut which they admitted was obviously innocent, but which they found had also an astonishingly obscure "dirty" interpretation—one which, like so many others, had not occurred to anyone who had worked on the film.

We protested (for commercial reasons) at being awarded an *X*-certificate and pointed out that *Expresso Bongo*, which contained similar "objectionable" elements (if not more) such as rude words, questions of sexual morality, love-making on beds, etc., had been awarded an *A*-certificate. The Board countered this objection by saying that *Expresso Bongo* was a musical which had no reference to reality, whereas our film was meant to be taken seriously!

A scene in which Laurence Olivier is seen lying on a bed after having made love to a young girl, was objected to (from the point of view of awarding an *A*-certificate) on the grounds that he had obviously been making love mechanically and without any pleasure! It was agreed that the man's desolation was touching, but, nevertheless, outside the Board's canon of recognised experience.

Finally, in keeping with its history of prejudging a film on its own merits, we were told that "people expect a John Osborne film to have an *X*-certificate."

Having said this, it must be pointed out that for some time there has been a consistent effort by the Censor to encourage film-makers not to compromise in the treatment of serious subjects.

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Indeed, the *X* category was created for this purpose. As we know, this has become the licensed trademark for all kinds of sado-masochistic nastiness and perverse rubbish, and the Board, I am sure, gives its seal to these films reluctantly, but there is no particular problem in getting a booking on the circuits for them. Here is the problem: the distributors have not been able to keep up with the censorship. Repeatedly, one learns of instances where the Censor has begged film producers to leave their films intact and keep an *X*-certificate rather than cut it, thus damaging its style and intentions, but scraping itself an *A*, fit for the crippled imaginations of the distributors. On the whole, distributors have no interest in the problem of censorship, because it can only become a significant issue where there are serious intentions, and there are very few of these around the men who book the films for British cinemas.

John Osborne

DEREK HILL'S article is an enormously important revelation of the whole inner workings of censorship within the British film industry. I have had a certain amount of involvement with the Board of Censors but any tussles I have had have been minor compared with the attitudes he has so alarmingly exposed. What is so frightening about the Board's activities is not the petty tyrannies, the sudden and often bizarre suspicions, but its confirmation of the timidities of Wardour Street. Distributors as a whole are conventional enough. They shy away from certain political, social, and religious subjects, they shirk definite attitudes. The result is the anæmic feebleness we see so often on the screen. The cinema is reduced to purveying commercial fantasies devoid of any real connection with human beings and the society they live in. It is very damaging when these limits are embalmed by an institution which the industry itself has created.

The Censor admittedly has a difficult job. He is subjected to all sorts of pressures—often the most irritating from minority groups and individuals looking for a convenient flag with which to get themselves some notice. Nevertheless, I believe the basis of the censor's attitude is that films must not be serious—that they must work within the limits of a formula. Over both the films that I made, Mr. Trevelyan has insisted that these created problems for him—not because they themselves could possibly have corrupted anyone, but because (a) they were all too easy to be distorted in the press or in public out of context, and, more importantly (b) because they were too "real." Audiences, it was implied, must not recognise their own world and must not relate what they see on the screens back to their social experience. It would be too disturbing. That is why if you put things in a historical or musical setting you can get away with the most vicious and debased moral attitudes, get away with the very things that the Board itself normally objects to, because, the argument goes, the sting has been taken out of them by being put in an extraordinary environment. The distance from reality is all. This is something Mr. Trevelyan specifically defends.

It is also part of a wider English snobbery that art is definitely for amusement only. No artist must get into his empty, frivolous head an idea that cannot be dissolved in the fumes of after-dinner cigar smoke.

The situation is further complicated by the Censor's system of classification. Personally I do not believe in censorship of any sort. In a democracy where everyone is entitled to the vote it seems to me absurd that taste should be autocratically limited. Every man should have the right to choose even the worst if he wants to do so, and I believe it is better to have sex-thrillers and horror-comics in the open than to let the same values creep in under more respectable disguises. However, if there is any argument for censorship at all on the grounds of protecting young minds, it is still patently ludicrous to imagine that the presence of an adult makes a film innocuous. We all know far too much about the workings of the mind to imagine that the fears and psychic disturbances created can be dispelled by a reassuring pat from mummy and daddy in the next seat. By this argument there should only be two certificates. Those films which children can see, and those they can't. The Board's classification of *U*, *X*, and *A* has led to the entirely false category of the *X* itself. The *X*-certificate has become in the public mind a mark of certain form of salacious or violent entertainment. Any film, therefore, that is placed in this category which doesn't have those stock requirements is automatically sending away most of its audience disappointed.

The Board of Censors is at the moment deliberately trying to establish the *X* as the category for adult entertainment, and consequently a number of films like *Room at the Top*, *Look Back in Anger*, *The Entertainer*, are given a brand they don't live up to. Thus one section of the audience is excluded and another is disappointed. This is placing a double burden on the problem, great enough in itself, of making this sort of realistic film.

In the end there can be only one question to ask of the Board of Censors. Do they make it easier for better films to be made? The answer is definitely and emphatically "No."

Tony Richardson

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High, Low, and Modern

A Reply — By J. G. Weightman

Mr. Kristol's stimulating essay in the August Encounter is based, as I read it, on three essential propositions:

1. We now have a "mass-culture," whereas in the past hierarchical divisions were recognised between high-brow, middle-brow, and low-brow; aristocratic, bourgeois, plebeian.
2. This mass-culture is very defective in that it often degenerates into pornography and the deliberate dissemination of false values.
3. We have no value-making élite, because educated people are now so imbued with the conception of the relativity of all things that they do not stand up firmly for such convictions as they happen to have.

I would also guess from the tone of Mr. Kristol's writing that he is, deep down, rather puritanical and conservative in temperament, although he admits with regard to pornography that "one would not want to do without it entirely" and declares his disapproval of the ossification of academism.

I am in agreement with a great deal of what he says. Generally speaking, however, I see things rather differently, and on one or two points I part company with him altogether.

The main difference between us is that I cannot share the nostalgia I sense in him for some non-defined period in the past when there were value-making élites. I admit that there have been "great periods" or civilisations that were particularly successful in one respect or another. But no period that I have been able to study in any detail was without enormous drawbacks; I know of no élite that was not paid for at an enormous price. The more I go into my own special field of study (the 17th and 18th centuries), the more the past seems like the present—confused, unintelligible to itself, constantly improvised, and with its various parts interdependent in a very complicated way. Therefore, although we have to make comparisons with the past when criticising the present, we have to use such comparisons very gingerly, because a vice or virtue of the period (past or present) that we happen to be dealing with may be linked with another of its vices or virtues in some not immediately obvious manner. A major aberration of the immediate past was the Hitler régime in Germany, but it has still not been understood as one of the collective diseases of history, and we do not know how far it was unwittingly encouraged by contemporary "virtue," *e.g.*, a certain unrealistic niceness in the liberal élites of the other Western countries. In practice, to be emotionally biased against the present is a form of unverifiable Romanticism; the only possible working hypothesis is that all periods have their own psychological economy, however ragged it may be.

On the specifically cultural issue, I am less alarmed than Mr. Kristol because I am not certain that "mass-culture" is such a bad thing. As far as I know, there never has been a period when the artistic élite coincided with the social élite. The social élite has always consisted largely of philistines or of people who, because culture was a necessary social adjunct, went in for the last literary fashion but one. I am not sure that good art is now being crowded out by bad. Has there not always been more bad art than good, and have artists not always had difficulty in making a living? Certain distinctions have perhaps become blurred, because our scientific interest in the past leads us to find an archæological fascination in any surviving work, whatever its quality, at the same time as we assume too easily that all the "best" people instinctively recognised the best work of their day. A proliferation of Petrarchan sonnets sounds distinguished, but it is perhaps just as dreary, from the point of view of eternity, as a welter of modern popular songs.

Nor is the "commercialisation of art" a new phenomenon. Any successful form has always been imitated; probably early cave art was practised to some extent by slick imitators who earned a good marrow bone by copying the insights of genius. To come nearer to our times, there seems to be no reason to believe that the general artistic level is lower now than it was in the 19th century; if anything, it appears to be higher. What is there to choose between "Pick of the Pops" and Victorian drawing-room ballads? A modern "highbrow" would probably say that the real degeneration has been from the full-blooded Victorian music-hall to Tin Pan Alley. Yet even in this case, the choice is not

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obvious. Victorian music-hall was a fairly genuine lower-class art, reflecting the whole of a certain form of life, but skiffle in the suburbs, however feeble, is preferable to the maintenance of Cockney social conditions. Similarly, we would not wish for a return to the situation which produced Negro spirituals, even if we could be sure that such a return would result in a new crop of masterpieces. Sometimes, a major defect in an epoch gives rise to a valid art-form; abolish the defect and the art-form disappears. The sort of person who might have produced Cockney music-hall, had the same social conditions continued, may now be active in some other artistic field; or he may not be an artist at all, because the modern context is too wide for him to assimilate and to use. In either case, it is very difficult for us to make a comparative value-judgment.

THE WHOLE QUESTION of culture-inventing and culture-carrying classes is extremely complicated. This much is clear: culture means living plus art. People not only live, they have to have art, which is a reflection of their life, an escape from it or a completion of it. The sort of art a community needs depends to some extent on the life it leads.

The detective story or the lurid Sunday newspaper, for instance, are forms of bad art only conceivable in a well-ordered, mainly law-abiding, fairly egalitarian society, because they present evil in an exciting but innocuous form, combined with social exoticism. A genuinely aristocratic society, in which duelling was prevalent, could have no patience with the detective story, because its members would live out their violence in real life, would not believe in the sanctity of the individual (which is the underlying justification for careful detective work) and would have no exotic interest in the lower classes. Such a society would tend to produce a heroically frivolous literature to confirm itself in its courageous elegance. Or it might have an almost purely oral culture with a contempt for books. The rules of living—duelling, hunting, love-making, going to war—may be so complex in an aristocratic society that their daily observance involves each participant in an all-absorbing artistic routine, living and reflection on living being fused into one.

Now the major weakness of mass-culture, as I see it, is not that it is vulgar, pornographic, etc. On the contrary, it may not be vulgar or pornographic enough in the right way. Being the culture of a society which is classless, or tending or pretending to be so; a society in which power washes about unpredictably in the liquid form of money; a society where relationships are abstract or indirect, "mass-culture" is often muddled and indefinite or processed and anonymous.

Paul Valéry pointed out that a high degree of civilisation destroys immediate social contact. I have forgotten what examples he gave, but it is easy to think up one's own. If your water comes through the kitchen-tap, your women-folk do not meet daily at the well, and the artificial institution of morning coffee does not fully replace the necessary social function of water-fetching. If you are a free-lance writer or artist with a telephone and a refrigerator, you can lead an even more hermit-like existence in the centre of London than in a country village. If you are an office-worker who deals with documents and then goes home to the television set, you may never get to know anybody at all very intimately. Perhaps the most important function of class was the multiplication of immediate social signs, so that the individual was supported by a human context. "Mass-culture" in a society moving towards classlessness and atomised by its technical gadgets is a fumbling attempt (constantly distorted by the financial considerations inseparable from mass-production) to create synthetically the contacts, rituals, and symbols which will serve as a projection of the individual's life and allow him to commune with society as a whole.

In England at the present time, we are about half-way between an old class-culture and a new mass-culture, with the most paradoxical results. Sociologically, Princess Margaret's wedding was an even more extraordinary bundle of contradictions than Napoleon's coronation. If we had had a Malinowski in England to-day, he could have written us as picturesque a volume as any he devoted to the Pacific on that astonishing show, with its mixture of class and mass elements and its weird combination of the genuine and the fake. The crowds, as seen on television, looked both real and unreal, as if they were volunteers doing a folk-dance on a native reserve. Yet had there been no crowds, if everyone had been sitting in front of the television set, there would still have been something genuine about the event as a manifestation of mass-culture.

But, of course, national ceremonies are the easiest part of mass-culture. The great problem, in the absence of classes (or when the classes are self-conscious and uneasy) and when communications are so completely gadgetised, is how to provide an everyday organic context. How can the individual feel that he is a significant part of society? This is the anguish behind so much modern art, and a characteristic paradox of the mass-culture situation is that solitary anguish can be turned into best-sellers, without the problem being solved.

It is worth noting, too, that the decline in

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religion, that is in the belief that a significant relation with the Deity is possible, makes the social need even more urgent. The factory, the office, the trade-union, the cricket-club, the urban district council, the political party, often do not add up to total, organic involvement because, the ramifications of modern life being so complex, it is not easy to see how these sub-sections fit into the general pattern or to feel that they are in some effective relationship to the whole. We have, on the one hand, marvellous means of communication and, on the other, a society so complex that communication is well-nigh impossible, so that each individual reverts to the position of a separate atom, while surrounded by the proofs of material co-operation. Civilisation may well be blown up through a failure of human communication combined with too rapid a functioning of dehumanised, press-button communication.

THIS, for me, is the major danger, and I am comparatively unworried by pornography, violent literature, or the evils of advertising.

A great deal of modern advertising, I should say, is really a form of sub-art, which is not primarily aimed at selling, but is rather a pathetic signalling of one fraction of society to another. If, as Mr. Kristol says, some people cannot read magazines which do not contain advertisements, this must be because they need the reassurance of feeling that someone is trying to sell them something, is urging them to live the most luxurious, the fullest possible lives, is interested in convincing them, personally, of the happiness which will accrue from the purchase of a certain object. It is the solidarity, however shoddy or phoney, that counts, rather than the material object in question. When I buy a gadget and find in the box a ticket which says: "YOU ARE NOW THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF A SO-AND-SO—LOOK AFTER IT," I am touched, because I imagine some poor fellow caught in the commercial machine and trying to save his soul. He is going about it in the wrong way, of course; anyone who is proud to possess something is in that respect uncivilised, and to encourage pride of possession is vulgar, but it is at least a positive gesture, and the part about respecting the created object is quite sound.

As for pornography, if it means the deliberate imaginative excitement of a jaded appetite or the substitution for actual experience of a verbally stimulated daydream, it is obviously regrettable. But if it simply implies lewdness or the presentation of sexual features in mass-culture, it is inevitable and is to be judged on its individual merits. There is good lewdness and less good. Eighteenth-century French aristocratic pornography or anthologies of obscene verse, such as the one edited by Norman Douglas (an aristocratic type) are bad, I think—much worse than the sexiness of mass-culture—because they seem to be a morbid effect of the frenzy of sexual exhaustion. Other types of lewdness usually have a justifiable purpose. They may serve to redress a balance or to give provisional emphasis to secondary sexual features.

I have often wondered, for instance, why the chorus-girl came into being and why, in so far as she still survives to some extent through force of habit, she now appears so archaic and funny. In France, she may have been, like her twin sister, the prostitute, a means of escape from the chilliness of arranged marriages; in England, the earnest contemplation of a row of frilly pudenda was probably a necessary corrective to a public school education, but now the kicking up of the legs is no more than a piece of quaint, out-of-date bravado. With the enormous increase in sexual freedom during the last half-century, sexual typing has become more humorous and therefore less harmful. There is an element of self-caricature in Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot, and Jayne Mansfield, and something approaching a comic quality in much of the sex used in advertising. I would not wish to defend the posters in the London Tube; their vulgarity becomes very irritating when you have to look at them every day, but it is rather comic to see solemn, bowler-hatted gentlemen going up on the escalator between two rows of arch ladies, clad in nothing but corsets and brassières. (They appear only on the sides of the moving staircase and under glass, so they are doubly protected from defacement.) The joke is even richer if you reflect that these gentlemen are probably on their way to committee meetings where the production of bigger and better corset advertisements will be solemnly discussed.

IN A SENSE, OF COURSE, all this is a disgrace. If we were fully civilised, bowler hats would appear as outlandish as Red Indians' feathers and it would be as unthinkable to have advertisements in the Tube, in the buses, in Piccadilly Circus or Trafalgar Square, as it is to have them in our homes or on the walls of Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey. All advertising in public places shows a lack of collective self-respect; but this is not a tragic matter like the tolerance of injustice; since we have banned litter, it is to be hoped that we will eventually ban public advertising, which is a litter of sub-artistic junk. However, the task of getting it banned poses a serious problem of communication, which is what we should worry about, rather than about the advertising itself.

In relation to sex, advertising—like the cinema, fashion photography, etc.—at least

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serves the mysterious purpose of ensuring the constant variation of sexual attributes, which is one of those specifically human needs that differentiate man from the animals. I don't understand why Mr. Leslie Fiedler (quoted by Mr. Kristol) is alarmed by "exaggeratedly full breasts and rumps." Unless you accept "the Greek norm" (which is perhaps important only through historical accident), there is no such thing as an ideal female or male body. The significant parts of the body vary in size and relative importance from generation to generation, and sometimes even more rapidly. If anything, the tyranny of fashion is on the increase, partly for commercial reasons and partly, perhaps, because, in the absence of essential communication, fashion can play a compensatory role, being an exchange of generally accepted, external signs.

I wonder, too, if there is not a wrong emphasis in the condemnation of the "literature of violence," which is often connected with sex. Since, as I said above, man is always fundamentally narcissistic, acting and seeing himself act, his art, good or bad, has to reflect the whole of his nature, including his violence. One of the psychological advantages of a fully-organised religion, with its cyclical rhythms of birth, love, killing, and death, is that it provides a permanent drama, the different aspects of which may be therapeutically very well balanced. In the absence of a religion with its recognised drama of death, it would seem natural to have a "literature of violence," motor-cycle clubs of young half-suicides ritually dressed in black leather, and so on.

This is not an argument for the reinstatement of a drama of death that the majority no longer believe in; nor is it a condonement of suicide-clubs; it is merely a suggestion that "mass-culture" has to grope towards the satisfaction of certain needs. It is pointless to condemn a human need, since in so far as it exists it is irrefutable. The only course is to try to integrate it into some general system.

IT FOLLOWS from what I have already said, that I see the maintenance of standards as a problem of communication, of the self with the self and of the self with the mass. But the expression "maintenance of standards" is wrong; standards cannot be maintained, they can only be perpetually recreated in a slightly different form by those people who have the stamina to reflect on life as they live it. The various social élites who "maintained standards," were often putting up a conditioned defence of principles that they did not understand, which is only one degree better than having no standards at all.

It is too easy a conclusion to suppose, with some young reactionaries, that tradition is congealed, externalised, collective wisdom; it is also congealed, externalised, collective stupidity. And no hereditary élite can be kept going without some social and intellectual injustice, which in the end brings about its undoing, and the acceptance of which, in the meantime, implies the existence of a blind spot, and therefore of a limitation. Mass-culture can only function through non-hereditary, self-recruiting élites. This puts a particular strain on the individual, because he has to organise his own coherence. He cannot rely on the principles he imbibed with his mother's milk, because they are too narrow; nor on those he assimilated unconsciously as he sucked on his bottle on watched television while mummy was away arranging her divorce, since they are too confused and vague.

He has to work out his values for himself, while at the same time looking for the people who will share them with him. If he is absolutely up-to-date, I don't see how he can depend with confidence on a class, a country, or a religion; he can see these only as provisional groupings among many other groupings. He has to contend all the time with commercialised mish-mash and propagandist conditioned reflexes. He has to avoid the opposite extremes of Organisation Man and the Beatnik, which are perhaps truer categories than Koestler's suggestion of the Yogi and the Commissar.

But I don't think he need feel sorry for himself; if he gets depressed, he only has to study the past in detail to return with relief to the present.

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The Interpretation of the Times

By Frank Kermode

ONE of the characters in *The World in the Evening* quotes the old saying about the Austrian situation: "desperate but not serious." It will serve as a working description of Mr. Isherwood's own manner. Few writers have been more persistently anxious about themselves, their contemporaries, or the times they lived in, and those who have seem not to have wanted to state their anxiety so obliquely. He is a little like St. Augustine deploring in conceited Latin the depravity of another evening world. He studies our amusing, apparently self-willed deformities almost as if what mattered was their intrinsic comic value, almost as if he did not know that the pressures that create them are beyond the control of the individual will; yet his whole way of looking at them is ultimately conditioned by the political and psychological preoccupations of his contemporaries, and that to a degree most unusual in English intellectuals. On the face of it nothing could be more dispiriting than an *œuvre* of which the main theme is escape from Mother, enacted against sketches of a decaying continent. But Mr. Isherwood is not serious, and so the Berlin stories, conceited variations on a desperate theme, are read by everybody in paperback editions. I remember the excitement when *Sally Bowles* came out, and my despondency when it lasted no longer than the lecture during which I read it. It is still read in the same way, for fun. And Mr. Norris is, so far as I know, the only character of Thirties' fiction with any of the old Dickensian extra-fictional prestige.

Being farcical about desperate matters is a trick associated with cabaret, especially German cabaret of the Norris epoch. It has never been naturalised here, except momentarily by Isherwood himself; it would be an entertaining though perhaps not very rewarding enterprise to revive *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, and see if Destructive Desmond has lost his punch. The whole idea of popular desperation lies also behind Auden's ballads. These are highbrow solutions to the big problem of how to achieve specifically literary effects without shutting out life and politics. For the Freudian artist it is a problem complicated by his own alienation from society. Without it he wouldn't be an artist, but it complicates his way of looking at public events, especially at a time when, in the language of Mann's famous pronouncement, "the destiny of man presents its meaning in political terms." The answer of artists big enough to ignore the charge of irresponsibility is Yeats', or later Nabokov's; they convert all into the materials of their own heterocosms. The most complete answer is Pasternak's. Recently I was looking at an article written by Stephen Spender in 1942, called *Literature and Public Events*. He was unhappy about the gulf between literature which ignores these events but tries to treat of fundamental human issues, and the frank but superficial propaganda-writing of the previous decade. The first takes no account of forces which threaten its own existence; the second sacrifices itself to an immediate and ephemeral effect. What was needed, Mr. Spender thought, was "a kind of writing which is conscious of the temporal as well as the eternal, the revolutionary as well as the traditional." He could hardly have guessed that the only work that truly answers this need should come from Russia; he was very likely thinking of Mr. Isherwood—though his American activities were already puzzling and worrying his friends—as its most probable author. Those "considerable literary currents of opinion anxious to wash away the stain of public life from literature" still flow, but the difficulties involved in keeping a work of art moderately impure were in a way at their most acute when Isherwood was writing. How to keep public events in a work of art? It torments the technique as well as the conscience.

THE issue is presented in an apparently relaxed fashion in *The World in the Evening* (1954). Gerda, the refugee help, stands for total acceptance of our condition as good—internment camps, bedpans, love, everything understood and included. Stephen, the hero, is cut off from precisely this, and his relationship with

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Gerda is one of those sex-free affairs between tormented men and life-accepting women that recur throughout Isherwood's work. Stephen's dead wife Elizabeth was a highbrow novelist whose work Gerda dislikes. Her characters

> seem not to care for what happens in the world outside. They are in this beautiful house, with these beautiful speeches and feelings. They make each other happy and unhappy. But it is like a game. Without heart, and so clever. They are quite safe, really. They are comfortable, in spite of all. They weep and are sad. But the servants bring them tea.
>
> "But, Gerda, what do you expect them to do? Sit around discussing politics?" "Politics!" Gerda's eyes flashed. I had never seen her so passionately indignant before. "People are taken in concentration-camps and beaten and tortured and burned like the garbage in ovens—you call that politics?"

Stephen protests that Elizabeth's book doesn't pretend to be about Hitler and the Nazis. "But," answers Gerda, "it is published first in thirty-four. I took specially notice of the date. How could one write then, and not speak of the Nazis? This I do not understand." On her view of the world, there is no room for purely metaphysical distress. Her protector is the Quaker Aunt Sarah, whose spiritual energies flow outward to the relief of suffering; and in the same house with them lies Stephen, physically and mentally encased in plaster, and smelling.

ELIZABETH, IN THIS STRANGE, TENSE BOOK—for the appearance of relaxation is entirely superficial—is representative not merely of a style to be escaped from, but also of a mother to be defeated; and the whole work is really a literary battlefield upon which the political and the psychological interests fight it out. The result is not always happy; the passage I have quoted comes from an episode that nobody would attribute to a master of dialogue, and there are a good many like it. Yet the opening chapter is a superb beginning to a book in which sexual failure and irresponsibility are indices of a general collapse of communication between persons: the Hollywood party, all white tuxedos and moiré cummerbunds, money and ennui, and Stephen ready to bellow with despair, "like an animal trapped in a swamp." He finds his wife making love with a man who has already made a pass at him; they are in a hideous children's hut—"two mating giants filled the dwarf world of the doll's house." He batters on the roof, then rushes home to tear her clothes and scrawl dirty words on her mirror. He is beset with the feeling that he does not exist; then he flies to Aunt Sarah, and has his Groddeckian road accident. Excused from participation in life, he talks to Gerda, to Sarah, to two homosexual lovers. Quaker "togetherness" enfolds him; he measures and admits the impurities of the past. Stephen, at the end, is celebrating an a-sexual reconciliation with his wife, and waiting for a convoy to the European war.

The World in the Evening is a much more elaborate book than this suggests. People found it disappointing because it was as unlike the Berlin books—and *Prater Violet*—as it could well be, coming out of the same skull. Yet it is by no means so unlike *The Memorial** (1932) which has just been re-issued. Here also Isherwood, with a different diagnostic method, explains the time's deformity. Such aetiological enquiries impose upon the novelist, as upon the physician, a technique of flashbacks, confrontations of cause and symptom. This necessity happens to have made *The Memorial* a more difficult book than *The World in the Evening*, but the two books are as it were linked behind the backs of the Berlin stories. (Mary Scriven carries on into the second book, still dressing up as Queen Victoria). The later book is less ambitious and more expository in method, certainly; it came after the flight from art, from the Elizabeth kind of novel, in the Berlin books. *The Memorial* is altogether more serious, and equally desperate. The best way to put this is in terms of Isherwood's theory of High Camp, as expounded by the doctor, Charles, in *The World in the Evening*.

> True High Camp always has an underlying seriousness. You can't camp about something you don't take seriously. You're not making fun of it; you're making fun out of it. You're expressing what's basically serious to you in terms of fun and artifice and elegance. Baroque art is largely camp about religion. The Ballet is camp about love.... It's terribly hard to define. You have to meditate on it and feel it intuitively, like Lao-Tze's *Tao*.

The Berlin stories are High Camp about civilisation; *The World in the Evening* is decadent Camp; *The Memorial* was written while the idea was germinating, and is pre- or proto-Camp.

This isn't quite accurate, since *The Lost* cannot, in its unfinished state, quite qualify as High; High demands not only unclassical tumult and asymmetry but the full basic pattern. But everybody knows how close it comes, even now, to establishing recondite harmonies between the absurd and the desperate, between private posture and public disaster. Even in *Sally Bowles* there is a run on the banks; as the funeral of Herman Müller passes endlessly but, it seems, irrelevantly by, Christopher merely reflects that both he and Sally are lost. Nazis and Communists dispute possession of a city full of

* *The Memorial*. By CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.

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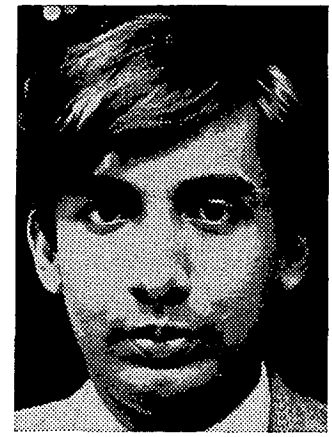
amusing perverts. The principal characters are all *declassés*, even Sally. Their dealings with the poor are ambiguous, sexual as well as social. Christopher is a camera; but Mr. Isherwood was not a camera so much as a choreographer, so much "on the side of the forces that make a work of art"—we learn from Mr. Spender's autobiography—that he made reality dance to his orders. He wanted a work of art, but the High Camp kind, not the Elizabeth kind, or *The Memorial* kind.

Yet *The Memorial* is certainly a work of art. The central event is the erection in 1920 of a war memorial in a small town deep in Manchester's Cheshire fringe. (Isherwood is deftly convincing about this locality; he even gets Stockport right, which I suppose nobody else has ever done. It is probably worth remembering that he comes from the Gaskell country, thinking not so much of *Cranford* as of *North and South*.) Some of the people who come to the ceremony we have met before, though eight years later, in the first section of the book, which has a somewhat Conradian time-scheme. But the main group consists of gentry from the Hall: Mrs. Vernon, widow of the heir, and her tormented son Eric; the old Mr. Vernon, helpless from a stroke, fat, mindless, happy, much too far gone to care a damn about the memorial. They arrive in a carriage. Mrs. Vernon, in her black, is full of a grief in which the genuine and the bogus are hopelessly mingled. Eric, coping with his stammer and his mother, belongs nowhere, is equally at a loss in the Hall, at school, at Cambridge; a true Isherwood character, with no way in. The Bishop officiates, and Ramsbotham, an aspiring member of the manufacturing classes, sees to the Vernon wreath. As they get into their archaic carriage after the ceremony they are observed by a friend of the dead Vernon, who thinks, "seeing the doll in her black, the slobbering old man, the gawky boy..., This is what we've got left of Richard."

This friend, Edward Blake, is a shell-shocked pilot, who eight years later, we know, tried to kill himself in Berlin. He is homosexual and alienated, except in so far as his friend Margaret holds him in. He is with Mary Scriven, a Bohemian daughter of old Vernon, to whom the ceremony also means very little. We know her as she is to be, as we know Mrs. Vernon, still enjoying her bereavement, and Eric, busily engaged in good works. But the gap between 1920 and 1928 is filled by another section, dealing with Cambridge, with Eric, and Mary Scriven's rootless son, who takes up with Edward Blake. Finally, in 1929, Mary and Edward, with friends, drive down to the old house overnight. It is owned by Ramsbotham, and has nothing whatsoever for them. There



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follow two exempla of post-war impotence: Mrs. Vernon, utterly submerged in her role as war widow, with Major Charlesworth her admirer, who is lost in his delusions concerning her grief and purity; then Edward, living a-sexually with the understanding Margaret. Lastly we see Edward, exiled again in Germany, now with a boy who knows only by hearsay about the war, the fall of modern man.

It is difficult to give much idea of *The Memorial*, of the careful structuring and the compulsive stresses. It is, however, a book of enormous skill, heavy but without redundancy. "It was to be about war," wrote Isherwood, "not the War itself but the effect of the idea of 'War' on my generation.... I was out to write an epic; a potted epic; an epic disguised as a drawing-room comedy." The determination, epic though it may be, to drape everything round a few central episodes involves having people remember rather than act; this becomes noticeable and irritating. And there is a tendency to slide over the sill of irony into identification with the manner criticised: "Anne was plunging into a simple but very smart frock," or, "Oh, it was cruelly unjust, it was fiendish that she should have so many sorrows to bear." Yet *The Memorial* is the best completed novel of a most distinguished writer: a genuine interpretation of the times.

MR. ANTHONY POWELL is about the same age as Mr. Isherwood and had written several novels before the war; these, though well spoken of, seem never to have had their full due, and one hopes that the prestige of his post-war series will not permanently obscure them, for *Afternoon Men* and *From a View to a Death* are among the best work of the period. Granted so great a gift, he could hardly fail, when he applied himself to an elaborate interpretation of the times, to produce a fiction of extraordinary quality. Mr. Powell's farce is more relaxed than Isherwood's, and he has not the dedicated intellectual's fierce submission to ideas; but his business is similar, having to do with lost souls and disordered times. I do not see why critics, like everybody else, may not sometimes like the good better than its enemy the best, and I confess to a preference for the pre-war Powell, without denying the interesting continuity between early and late or the difference in the size of the achievement. But even if one has this preference it remains true that with the publication of *A Question of Upbringing* and *A Buyer's Market* (1951, 1952) one felt the presence of something new and distinguished, a manner not only individual but potent enough to provoke involuntary imitation. For a while one saw people in a new way; they behaved like acrobats in a slow-motion film. The absurdity of these people was suddenly enriched when one imaginatively slowed down their behaviour. The famous business of Widmerpool and the sugar-sifter is not, at normal speed, very funny. You have enormously to prolong its running time to make it so. This is one of the basic Powell devices; another is the farcical extension of a simple event or remark by means of some unpredictably remote but apt analogy or illustration. There are a few examples of this in the new book,* but not enough to keep one really happy.

> "Lady Warminster accepted St. John Clarke's hand carefully, almost with surprise, immediately relinquishing it, as if the texture or temperature of the flesh dissatisfied her."

A variation of this is prolongation by absurd inference.

> "People like myself look forward to a social revolution in a country that has remained feudal far too long," said St. John Clarke, speaking now almost benignly, as if the war in Spain was being carried on just to please him personally, and he himself could not help being flattered by the fact.

These are choreographical quirks in the huge circular dance, to use the figure in terms of which Mr. Powell asks us to understand his scheme. His characters are like the Seasons in Poussin's picture, "moving hand in hand in intricate measure: stepping slowly, methodically, sometimes a trifle awkwardly, in evolutions that take recognisable shape: or breaking into meaningless gyrations." More and more dancers crowd in; this new book has many of the familiar figures but has much to say of two entirely new ones, the musician Moreland and the music critic Maclintick, whose marriages are the main interest of this instalment. Stringham and Widmerpool whizz into view, each performing a brilliant comic *pas seul* before vanishing.

One hopes that somebody will reprint over here Arthur Mizener's recent article on Powell in *Kenyon Review*; it has a fault often to be found in sensitive criticism, the taking of the will for the deed, but it has the great virtue of clarifying the design and the proportions of Powell's enterprise. Mizener indicates, for example, the antithesis between two important groups of characters, roughly speaking the men of will and the men of imagination. Widmerpool, though consistently absurd, heads the first, and the delightful disintegrating Stringham the second group. A second valuable insight defines the novelist's trick of focusing a situation in terms of a work of art. There are a great many such moments, and of course the Poussin dominates them all. Mizener has little but praise

* *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant.* By ANTHONY POWELL. Heinemann. 16s.

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for work he calls "enormously intelligent but completely untheoretical," and for the rendering of "experience undistorted by doctrine."

ALL THESE QUALITIES are to be found in *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*. The dance continues "slowly, methodically, a trifle awkwardly." A trifle *too* awkwardly, perhaps. There is a certain lack of grace in the episodic construction; the dancers shuffle or are pushed towards the dinners and the parties where the choreographer wants them. Mr. Powell's prose has a very individual gait, but at times one feels its feet get in the way:

> "A habit of Moreland's was to persist eternally with any subject that caught his fancy, a characteristic to intensify in him resolute approach to a few things after jettisoning most outward forms of seriousness."

This I find obscure, and the observations of Jenkins, though frequently unexpected, are clearly not intended to be gnomic.

In this book there is reinforcement for the party of the men of will, the Widmerpools and Quiggins, new men, mechanical men who clank absurdly around a changed world and scoop the prizes. In the corridors of a nursing home there is a chance meeting between a number of characters touched in one way or another with sterility: Moreland, whose wife is about to bear a child that dies, Jenkins, whose wife has had a miscarriage, and Widmerpool, who is suffering from boils. An obstetrician, a Widmerpolitan figure, is also of the group; he lectures them on abortion and is excessively respectful to the most powerful man present, Widmerpool, whose way of life is apparently affecting the professions.

The disordered times of which these people are symptoms are deftly and undemonstratively sketched; there is a faint ostinato of Spanish War and Abdication, but the dancers vary the rhythm with awkward, self-destructive freedom: Moreland with his actress wife, Maclintick with his shrew, Mrs. Foxe and her dancer friend. Yet "most things turn out to be appropriate," as we are told at the outset. The book is planned—however untheoretical its author—after the manner attributed by the schoolmen to God: absolutely, but allowing for contingency. It concentrates on marriage, and even if marriage is bound to be disastrous no one can absolutely foresee, out of the million possibilities, exactly how any particular union will decay. The restaurant of the title, and the conversations held there, suggest that modern marriage is significantly messy, the sensuality of the imaginative and the power-longings of the men of will exceptionally difficult to reconcile. Moreland, the composer, marries his *princesse lointaine*. Maclintick binds himself to a fountain of perpetual

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recrimination and commits suicide when cut off from it. Stringham's only valid relationship is with a terrible female keeper. Widmerpool has abandoned the whole idea. Nobody has children except the previous generation (Lady Moreland has seven). These sterile marital agonies assume unpredictable comic forms—indeed, the scene in which Stringham and Mrs. Maclintick discuss marriage is as good as the best Powell ("I shall never listen to an orchestra again without the most painful speculations about the home life of the players"). But underlying these antics are hard-headed, predestined patterns, suggested for example by the image of the Ghost Railway, the train "fingered by spectral hands, moving at last with dreadful, ever-increasing momentum towards a shape that lay across the line." And to set us all at a distance where the pattern and the antics are simultaneously perceptible, there is the emblem of the opening page, "the mystery which dominates vistas framed by a ruined door."

Whether the distance is made great enough is the problem; for sometimes the discrepancy between the general and the particular movement is so wide that the dance seems not to be a dance. There are moments when awkward hurly-burly, or some exquisitely absurd gesture seen in slow close-up, diminish the sense of design, the feeling that everything is appropriate. But as yet it is impossible to say whether these failures are attributable to the author or to the reader. What is clear is the status of this attempt to interpret the times. Mr. Isherwood, one can hardly doubt, would admit its right to belong to that very exalted style, High Camp.

Rebels and Revolutionaries

The Rebels: By Brian Crozier. *Chatto & Windus.* 21s.

There seem to have been more rebellions going on since the second World War—or at any rate there is more rebelliousness in the air—than at any previous time that can be readily recalled. The publication of Mr. Crozier's book is itself evidence in point: its title will not cause anyone to wonder who and what it is about. It can be argued that the appearance is delusive, that there have always been just as many rebels in Mr. Crozier's sense as there are to-day, and that there are special but specious reasons why things are accidentally made to look different. One such reason is that the term "rebel" is much more loosely used than it used to be, to cover anybody from Mr. Gerald Nabarro to Jomo Kenyatta. Another is that there are far more governments and institutions to rebel against—between eighty and a hundred sovereign states, for instance, as against barely a dozen powers which shared the effective control of mankind a century ago. A third reason is the vast growth of publicity.

The third is the decisive reason, for without it Mr. Crozier's book could never have been written. Rebellions may be no harder to suppress than they used to be, but it is incomparably harder to suppress the fact that they are happening. True, it is still not impossible. Very little is known of some rebellions that are believed to have happened in the U.S.S.R. in the last generation, and still less of events inside China since 1949. Even outside the Iron Curtain some rebellions have been almost successfully concealed: for instance, those against the French in Algeria in 1945 and in Madagascar in 1947. Since *ex hypothesi* nothing is known about cases where complete success has been achieved by censorship, it must be added that there could easily have been other cases. For instance, the outside world knows virtually nothing about what goes on, for good or evil, in Portugal's African dependencies, Angola and Mozambique; but it would be surprising if they had been totally untouched by the "wind of change" blowing across Africa.

It must still be supposed, as a general rule, that very few rebellions pass unnoticed in the middle of the 20th century. Even where the organs of suppression (both of the rebels and of the news) are most efficient, the world still generally learns a good deal: witness Hungary in 1956 and Tibet in 1959. These are, of course, cases which occurred on the outer periphery of the Communist *bloc*, so that all communication of news could not be severed, and even a number of refugees from oppression and survivors of rebellion escaped to tell the tale outside; and the same is true of the rising in the eastern sector of Berlin and East Germany in June, 1953. But some news, however restricted and uncertain, seeps out nowadays even from within the depths of the Soviet empire—for instance, of the resistance in Georgia to the dethronement of Stalin by Khrushchev at the XXth Party Congress in 1956. So even if it cannot be assumed that there is a complete range of evidence to study, or even a complete list to be drawn up, of all the rebellions, great and small, that have disturbed authority in different parts of the world since the second World War, there is without doubt enough material available to make possible a comprehensive study of the kind that Mr. Crozier has attempted. Whether or not significant generalisation from it is possible is another question; but if the answer were to be negative, it would not be so on account of shortage of evidence.

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The first problem, indeed, is one of selection. This is a problem of definition: what is a rebellion? In lexicological terms, the word has a rather negative connotation. It suggests resistance to authority, and determination to overthrow authority; but in itself it does not suggest any positive purpose beyond that. A rebel is "agin the government," but he is not necessarily "for" anything in its place. Some rebels have nothing particular in mind, except that the present situation is intolerable and must be liquidated, but pursue the logic of their opposition to no positive conclusion. These are the rebels of despair, such as those of East Berlin in 1953. Other rebels are those who have no particular grudge against the existing system but only against the people running it. They think that they could personally do the same job better: such are most of the successive dictators of Latin America. Others seek not merely to overthrow a particular administration and to usurp its place, but to destroy and replace the whole framework of society, to transform the constitution, or to alter the sovereign status of the community in which they live. These last are not simply rebels but revolutionaries.

The great majority of Mr. Crozier's specimens fall into the last category, which is what makes them interesting. They are more complicated than the rebels of the Middle Ages in England (or even more recent times in the Balkans and the Middle East) who wanted simply to replace one dynasty by another of the same kind. They are men who want not only to overthrow authority and to usurp power but to replace the existing order by a new one of which they have a strong positive conception: whether Communism, as in the case of Ho Chi Minh and Markos Vaphiadis; or social democracy, as in the case of Imre Nagy; or national independence, as in the case of Hastings Banda and Ferhat Abbas; or a transfer from one national sovereignty to another, as in the case of Archbishop Makarios; or reversion to an atavistic ideal, as in the case of Jomo Kenyatta. All these are not simply rebels but also revolutionaries.

THE DISTINCTION IS IMPORTANT, because in many cases both processes, rebellion and revolution, are going on at the same time; and often they are pulling in sharply different directions. The classic example from history is the American War of Independence, in which on the one hand a landed aristocracy across the Atlantic was engaged in freeing itself from a similar landed aristocracy in Britain, without any intention of changing its way of life or system of government; while on the other hand many of the followers and supporters of the war of indepen-

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dence, inspired not so much by the doctrines of Jefferson as by those of Tom Paine, were simultaneously struggling for a new social order. The former were only rebels, the latter were also revolutionaries; to the former, freedom and independence were essentially extensive relations with foreign powers, to the latter they were also intensive relations within their own society. It is probable that the same two conflicting attitudes have been at work in many, if not most, historical insurrections: certainly in the French Revolution and in 1848, for instance; and also, to take two less well-known but neatly balanced examples, in the Greek war of independence in the 1820's and the Turkish war of independence a century later. The same distinction seems to apply to-day: all revolutions are rebellions, but not all rebellions are also revolutions.

Mr. Crozier's best chapters are, not unexpectedly, those concerned with rebels who are also in this sense revolutionaries: Ho Chi Minh and Vo Nguyen Giap (and in these cases he has the advantage of an expert knowledge of South-East Asia); General Grivas and Archbishop Makarios; Jomo Kenyatta and Hastings Banda; Belkacim Krim and Benbella. All these were (or are) inspired by a burning image of the new order which they wished to substitute for the intolerable old. They are the stuff of which great dramas are made. The non-doctrinaire rebel, fired merely by personal ambition or by the conviction that he can manage things better or simply by the sense that things are too intolerable to be allowed to go on, is a less inspiring phenomenon. There are several in Mr. Crozier's book, but it is noteworthy that their names make less impact: for instance, the leaders of what he calls "post-colonial" insurrections in formerly dependent territories, such as Burma, Indonesia, and the Philippines; and even Fidel Castro in Cuba may prove, when the dust has settled, to be merely one of these. On the other hand, there are a number of interesting revolutionaries whom Mr. Crozier, by a self-denying ordinance of his own devising, has chosen to exclude from consideration altogether.

His limitation is defined in the following paragraph from the preface:

> You will notice that all the insurrections or terrorist movements I have dealt with were launched against superior odds, nearly all by civilians turned soldier. I have not attempted to deal with successful *coups d'état*, such as those that killed off the Fourth Republic in France, deprived Péron of his power in Argentina, or turned Egypt and Iraq into republics. This does not mean that I regard these *coups d'état* as unimportant; merely that the line I have drawn excludes the overthrow of institutions by the legitimate armed forces.

It also probably means something more: that Mr. Crozier is more interested in rebellions than rebels, in the process than the people. For by excluding the "successful *coup d'état*" which is over and done with in a few hours, he has also excluded a number of particularly important revolutionaries, who can hardly be denied the title of "rebel": President Nasser, General Abboud, and most recently of all, General Gursel. The only reason why they are excluded is, in effect, because they succeeded too quickly.

A rebellion, then, in Mr. Crozier's definition, is necessarily a long-drawn-out affair: long-drawn-out, that is, after its outbreak. The preliminary period of conspiracy before the moment of insurrection is generally also lengthy, whether success follows immediately or not; and in this too Mr. Crozier is also profoundly interested, but only in those cases where the moment of insurrection was succeeded by a prolonged struggle, whether it ended in success (as in Vietnam) or in failure (as in Malaya) or in some unexpected and unintended compromise midway between the two (as in Cyprus). On the other hand, his definition is sufficiently elastic to include some rebels, such as Kwame Nkrumah and Habib Bourguiba, whom circumstances never obliged to organise large-scale and sustained armed revolts, because the existing authorities saw the wisdom of compromise with them in time. These were in effect rebels who were deprived of the opportunity of rebellion in the extreme sense; and they are included because the British and French Governments' treatment of them furnishes Mr. Crozier with an example of the way to avoid the catastrophes of Kenya or Vietnam.

THE LESSONS OF THE BOOK are in fact lessons about rebellions rather than about rebels. Not all Mr. Crozier's inferences are new, but they are valuable for being reinforced by a comprehensive marshalling of the evidence. One lesson is that rebellions often break out *after* rather than *before* the ruling power has instituted reforms; and perhaps this observation might be generalised in the principle that they are always precipitated by the realisation that the ruling power is in an ultimately fatal decline, of which relaxation of oppression may be one of the symptoms. Another lesson is that although rebellions can be greatly helped by external aid and encouragement, they cannot be started by foreign intervention alone. If that principle had been sufficiently appreciated, the Russians would not have made the mistake of alleging that the Hungarian revolt in 1956 was caused by *provocateurs* from the West; nor would the British Government have deceived itself for so long that the rising in Cyprus was the work of Greek

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thugs from mainland Greece, when in fact it was virtually impossible to name a single leading figure in E.O.K.A. who was not a Cypriot by birth. Finally, Mr. Crozier raises the interesting question whether any of the rebellions which he discusses could have been averted by appropriate action in good time on the part of the ruling authority.

He is rightly cautious in answering this question. It is, he suggests, "axiomatic that no government will willingly buy a settlement at a price that drives it out of office." And this axiom, he argues, ruled out any possibility of forestalling the rising in Algeria, since "the price of tranquillity among the Algerian Moslems in 1954 was independence, and no French Government that showed itself willing to pay it would have lasted more than twenty-four hours." He argues similarly about Cyprus at the same date. In neither case does he consider the possibility that the risings could have been forestalled by much earlier action: immediately after the war, for instance, when a new constitution was promulgated in France but left to remain a dead letter in Algeria; or when the British Labour Government seriously considered the cession of Cyprus to Greece in 1945, but yielded to pressure from the Colonial Office. It might even so be argued that both cases in fact illustrate a far more important and discouraging (because probably irremovable) difficulty, which is that governments nowadays almost always have so many simultaneous crises on their agenda that there is no time or energy left for situations which are temporarily dormant or not yet critical. That is why, as Mr. Crozier points out, governments always seem to be taken by surprise.

There is one other difficulty, particularly relevant to the future, which is not among the lessons brought out by Mr. Crozier. This is that in order to avert rebellions by handing over power in a timely and orderly fashion, a colonial power must have someone unmistakable to hand it over to. In some cases the colonial power preserved enough of the pre-existing social and constitutional order to make this possible even a generation or more later: the French in Morocco, for instance, and the British in Cyprus (both being cases in which religious and political leadership were naturally combined). But in other cases either there never was a recognised ruling class or family, or the old order was so completely wiped out by the colonial power as to make revival impossible: India, Algeria, and most African colonies are examples. In these cases, there simply are no obvious, ready-made hands to place power in, no natural leaders to compromise with, until the rebel with whom the future lies has fully emerged; and by then the

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CHOPIN: An Index of His Works in Chronological Order

Maurice J. E. Brown

The author of *Schubert: A Critical Biography* has compiled the first thematic catalogue of Chopin's work since 1888. The complete work of Chopin, including recently discovered compositions, is set out in chronological order and full particulars of publication, dedication, whereabouts of the manuscripts and other relevant details are given. The musical *incipit*, on two staves, is quoted for every work. It is particularly fitting that this book should be published during the world-wide celebrations for the 150th anniversary of Chopin's birth. *35s*

THE STATE AND THE TRADE UNIONS

D. F. Macdonald

A study of the changing relationship between the state and organised labour. It briefly sketches the early stages, but is mainly devoted to developments from the later nineteenth century to the present day, when both the trade union movement and the state's conception of its obligations to society were taking shape. *21s*

MACMILLAN

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rebellion has generally already begun, so that it is too late. In many of these latter-day cases, too, the colonial situation is complicated by a large population of European settlers, so that the ruling power may well have two simultaneous and mutually antagonistic rebellions on its hands.

EVERYTHING POINTS TO THE probability that the Age of Rebellions, which has no known historical beginning, has also no foreseeable end. Some current rebellions seem in the nature of things interminable; others will be terminated only by sowing the seed of their successors; the seeds of yet others still lie unsuspected in the womb of time, if they are even already there. A theory of rebellion can perhaps be elaborated: "stasiology" would be no more bizarre than some other social sciences that have recently burgeoned; and Mr. Crozier has made a pioneering contribution to it. But the science of preventing rebellions, except by surrender, will never be devised. Even crushing them is only an interim measure. It is worth remembering, for instance, that the first major Greek rising against the Turks came not in 1821 but half a century earlier, and was successfully suppressed. Rebellions will continue to occur as long as some men regard it as their right or duty to rule others, and as long as some of those others regard it as their right or duty to resist that rule. And that looks likely to be as long as there are human beings in the world.

C. M. Woodhouse

Three Novels

When the Kissing had to Stop. By CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON. *Cassell.* 16s.

Mr. Love and Justice. By COLIN MACINNES. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15s.

The Evidence of Love. By DAN JACOBSON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15s.

ONE OF THE MANY ways of dividing novels into categories—always supposing that the critic wishes to undertake this only occasionally enlightening operation—is to distinguish between "novels of character" and "novels of plot." In the one interest is centred on a revelation of human character, which is developed throughout the book and which does not necessarily depend on any very striking series of incidents. In the other the individual actors are overshadowed by the comedy or tragedy in which they appear. In *Le Rouge et le Noir*, for instance, we might think first of Julien Sorel (in *La Chartreuse de Parme* we certainly think first of Fabrice del Dongo), but in a novel by Malraux the memory which remains is of the Chinese revolution or the Spanish civil war. Nor is the dating accidental. There is a sense in which the novel of plot is more essentially modern and the novel of character a leisurely, idiosyncratic, 19th-century affair, though once we start talking of "plot" (as distinct from "theme"), it has a recognisable pedigree in the picaresque 18th, the Trollopean and Ouida-esque 19th century.

In France the novel of character is certainly *démodé*. The modern French novel has concerned itself with the representation of man's unalterably desperate position in the universe, and, since such a demonstration requires the subjection of individuals to a common pressure-cooker of situation rather than analytical differentiation between them, the more intense the heat generated by the plot the better. Particularly since the extremity of the incident serves to conceal the fact that the basic situation remains static—no more able to evolve than the human condition itself.

But this is France. In England the revelation of human nature in depth (on which the great classic novels of both countries depend) has usually been considered necessary to the writing of novels. Apart from thrillers and Science Fiction, the English novel is still one which proceeds by traditional techniques to a gradual disclosure of individual terms in the human equation rather than considering the HCFs and LCMs of man taken in the metaphysical mass.

It is, therefore, something of a surprise to find two novels which depend almost totally on plot (and a clearly didactic plot at that) for their effect. In Constantine FitzGibbon's *When the Kissing had to Stop* we have that rare thing: a political novel. Mr. FitzGibbon envisages a Britain in which anti-nuclear government has been swept to power. Anti-Americanism, pacifism, and Left-wing abstractions combine to get rid of the bomb and of the American alliance—every means of defending the country. Ignorance and complacency let them do it (the *Times* leader on the new government is headed "A Steady Team"). A puritanical campaign against vice gives the police special powers which are used by careerist politicians and concealed totalitarians to suppress opposition to their policy. The U.S.S.R. sends first inspection teams, then airborne divisions. Undesirables are liquidated. "It was a wet autumn and cold winter, in England."

This grim story is developed with frightening realism and a lively sense of satire. Here the

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plot is everything. It grips by the unpleasant plausibility of its message: it could happen here. Inevitably, with so powerful a theme, the weakness of the book resides in the sub-plot and the various intrigues (amorous and otherwise) between the characters through whom the story is narrated. Perhaps Mr. FitzGibbon would have done better to treat his subject as a straight political narration (in the SF manner) rather than through the eyes of private individuals. This would have allowed him to iron out one or two improbabilities and awkward transitions: I fancy we have still a number of years before we see prostitutes in the Bayswater Road wearing coats and nothing else.

But Mr. FitzGibbon's political sense is so acute and his satire so penetrating that he carries his appalled reader along with him. There is, for instance, the scene where the old Socialist idealist Leonard Braithwaite, now Prime Minister, on a visit to Moscow and overcome by vodka, gives a toast inspired by his memories of the Thirties and the death of his son in Spain: "Arms for Spain!"

> The interpreter hesitated. What could the Englishman mean? Monarchist, N.A.T.O., capitalist, American-dominated Spain? Arms for Spain? Bombs on Spain? What did the man mean?

This is cruel in its way, but, I think, deservedly so. Statesmen who cling to outmoded ideals at the expense of their country are not fit objects for compassion. Mr. FitzGibbon is, indeed, exceptionally tough-minded (his sketch of Mark Vernon back from Siberia after defecting to the U.S.S.R. some years before is another instance of this), and I suppose that this is what has caused one reviewer to use the word "wicked" in connection with his book. To point out the possible consequences of exceedingly foolish political attitudes hardly seems to deserve this adjective, but Mr. FitzGibbon's offence is more heinous than that. His book is too frightening and unpleasant. He has blown the gaff on the mixture of cowardice, prejudice, and illusion with which many people in this country are prepared to sustain themselves and which bears a recognisable affinity to that sedulously touted in France between 1936 and 1940. Substitute Britain for the U.S.A. and Germany for Russia, and you have a fair selection of the arguments which led to Vichy and then to Sigmaringen. *When the Kissing had to Stop* should be read, but in some quarters it will hardly be forgiven.

MR. FITZGIBBON concentrates on a plot which is fiercely interesting in itself to the almost total exclusion of character. Colin MacInnes's *Mr. Love and Justice* does not go in much for character either, but his substitute for it is different. Against a background of low life in London he places a story of allegorical symmetry. Mr. Love is a ponce, and Mr. Justice is a policeman. Both of them are set apart from society by their professions; both of them have girls who get them in bad with authority; both of them come to grief at the hands of expert practitioners of their respective callings: the star ponce and the star sleuth; both of them end up in hospital swapping home truths about life:

> "Well, Frankie, tell me! What else do people believe in any more but just authority! Whatever it may represent?"
>
> "That's it: Nothing at all! Not religions, anyway. As religions have got weaker coppers have got stronger—you ever noticed that? The cop is the priest of the 20th century inspiring and, if you are obedient giving you absolution. But there is one very, very big difference from the old religions. The god of the coppers *is* the copper: you're the priests of a religion without a god.'

This passage is by no means the only piece of moralising in Mr. MacInnes' novel, but it may serve to suggest what is wrong with it. To work simultaneously in the conventions of Defoe and Dostoievsky is hardly possible, and Mr. MacInnes is much, much better when he is in his Defoe incarnation. As a tabeau-vivant of the seamy side of London life *Mr. Love and Justice* is excellent. Rackets are exposed, thieves' cant reproduced, and the warmth of the thieves' kitchen (or whore's flat) conveyed with gusto and an eye for comedy. Defoe is the correct comparison here, for Mr. MacInnes has just that air of revelling in his cops and ponces and whores, which was fairly common in the 18th century, but which has largely been lost in a less vital age. All this side of the novel is very well written and very funny.

But the one thing that a picaresque novel of low life should avoid is starting to draw morals. Not only does Mr. MacInnes destroy belief in his characters by having them break into long disquisitions which would be more appropriate on the lips of Raskolnikov, but, since his whole novel is constructed to point a lesson, he forces on the reader the question of whether that lesson is true or not. What he is saying in *Mr. Love and Justice* is that the police have no moral superiority over those they pursue and that the rest of us have no moral superiority over either of them—a romantic point of view which was expressed a long time ago by Balzac in the character of Vautrin and which, in any case, when insisted upon, becomes an attempt to evade the real problems of life in society. It is a pity that Mr. MacInnes should have wasted his vitality as a writer in putting forward these rather facile paradoxes.

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AFTER the allegorical figures of Mr. Love and Mr. Justice it is a relief to come to Dan Jacobson's *The Evidence of Love* where a social problem (that of racial segregation in South Africa) is dealt with most effectively through the lives and love of a Cape Coloured boy and a white girl. The story is that of their love interwoven with the desire of a young man, who has escaped from the appalling Coloured Camp in the South African town of Lyndhurst, not to abandon his own people in order to gain the things he values in life. This dilemma is movingly solved in the final chapter, which in its moderation brings home the cruelty of apartheid more sharply than any denunciation could have done.

In the story of Isabel Last and Kenneth Makeer there is no avoidance or oversimplification of problems. The Cape Coloured people are described with all their blemishes and the white South Africans with their day-to-day virtues and decent instincts. The book is beautifully written (like all Mr. Jacobson's work that I have come across), and the thought behind it often attains profundity. I do not know when I have read a more subtle analysis of all our troubles than in the description given here of the South African liberal's mentality—one might say of the liberal mentality in general.

What I find attractive in Mr. Jacobson's writing is a lack of slickness and a deep humanity—a realisation that every question must be posed at the level of the individual. Here, one thinks, is a writer who writes because he must. Here is a novel which, besides being a work of art, has the stamp of goodness on it. It starts from the individual human being, and there is certainly a moral in this. All the rest is transitory.

Anthony Hartley

Zen Arson

The Temple of the Golden Pavilion. By YUKIO MISHIMA. Translated from the Japanese by IVAN MORRIS. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

CYNICISM is a fashionable garb worn by nearly all young Japanese writers to-day. Unlike the gentle, experimental naturalist writers before World War II, most new writers are contemptuous of the traditions of the past, and they prefer instead to swallow Westernisation whole. Such pre-war authors as Tanizaki (*Some Prefer Nettles*) and Akutagawa (*Rashomon*) were, despite a strong Western impact, products of their national heritage. True, tradition and change did affect the works of Tanizaki and Akutagawa but this dualism produced a type of literature peculiarly Japanese—a highly-polished, symbolic form through which ran torrents of strange and violent emotions. The young writers, on the other hand, tend to imitate T. S. Eliot and James Joyce, Dostoievsky and Gide blindly, however Japanese their themes may be. This ready acceptance of foreign attitudes and styles, without distillation, makes them seem like incongruous parodists rather than the serious artists they profess to be.

Yukio Mishima, the most prolific of young Japanese writers, is no exception. Although the story of his latest novel, *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion*, is a most fascinating one, his style seems like a pastiche of Joyce and Dostoievsky. Mishima, in delving frantically into the thoughts and feelings of the hero through recurring incidents and symbols, loses his grip and often wanders into obscurity. It is obvious that he is attracted by the psycho-philosophical approach taken from the West. But he is no adept at its employment, and his very Japanese symbols do not function properly in such a frame.

Based largely on the 1950 Kyoto incident when a young Zen acolyte burned down the beautiful Temple of the Golden Pavilion, the novel is a study of the hero's neurosis. Mizoguchi, the temple destroyer, is his own narrator. The son of a priest, he has been sent to the Zen temple to be trained as a monk. His youth has been characterised by his stammer and ugliness, and by his obsession with the beauty of the shrine. All of which reduce him to impotence in the company of women. When the Temple witnesses his cowardly behaviour with an American soldier and a prostitute, he makes the Superior a party to the guilt by bribing him with American cigarettes. Now he must, Mizoguchi feels, destroy the temple—the embodiment of all beauty.

> If one compared this beauty to a sound, the building was like a little golden bell that has gone on ringing for five-and-a-half centuries, or else like a small harp. But what if the sound should stop?

Having in the end destroyed it, Mizoguchi finds humanly enough that he still wants to live.

In his translation Ivan Morris has done excellent work in weeding out obscurities; in my opinion the book reads better in the English version than in the original. The publisher was, I believe, most unwise in including the nonsensical Introduction by Nancy Wilson Ross.

Peter Hyun

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U.S. Poetry in England

The Self-Made Man and Other Poems. By Reed Whittemore. *Macmillan*, New York. 9s.

Graffiti. By Ramon Guthrie. *Macmillan*, New York. 7s.

Walls and Distances. By David Galler. *Macmillan*, New York. 7s.

The Crow and the Heart. By Hayden Carruth. *Macmillan*, New York. 10s. 6d.

A Dream of Governors. By Louis Simpson. *Wesleyan University Press*.. W. S. Hall & Co. 12s. 6d.

Saint Judas. By James Wright. *Wesleyan University Press*. W. S. Hall & Co. 12s. 6d.

Light and Dark. By Barbara Howes. *Wesleyan University Press*. W. S. Hall & Co. 12s. 6d.

Apples from Shinar. By Hyam Plutzik. *Wesleyan University Press*. W. S. Hall & Co. 12s. 6d.

Books of poems by American poets are hard to come by in this country. Only the most successful of American poets can be published with any hope of sales, so of the "younger" American poets who have been imported (I omit writers of light verse, versified pornography, and beat best-sellers; and I omit W. S. Merwin because he lives here) the youngest is Richard Wilbur who will be 40 next year. The United States is luckier. John Wain, Kingsley Amis, Elizabeth Jennings, Philip Larkin, Thom Gunn, Jon Silkin, and Ted Hughes all have their American publishers. So do many writers in their forties, like Charles Causley and Norman MacCaig, who do not have to be renowned to be imported. In England we do not see the volumes of American poets in their 20's and 30's, like James Wright, James Merrill, Reed Whittemore, Anthony Hecht, Louis Simpson, and John Hollander.

This is not a result of superior virtue among American pubishers. It is economic. American publishers can import English books, at what seems to them a low cost, and put an American price tag on them. They can import two hundred and fifty copies instead of printing a thousand. They can add the prestige of a poet to their list at a loss of two hundred rather than two thousand dollars.

It is admittedly a painless prestige. Yet England is the loser. If there is to be any cross-fertilisation among contemporaries, the U.S.I.S. Library cannot go it alone. There is a new development in the publication of poetry in America which may make it possible for more Englishmen to buy American books. A few years ago the Grove Press began to publish new poetry in the form of paper-backs for a dollar; although the taste displayed was often shaky, I believe that the series sold quite well. They especially increased the renown of Edwin Muir in America by printing his collected poems at a price which any student could afford.

Now other firms in America have followed the lead of the Grove Press and are exporting their volumes to this country. The usual price for an American book of poems, when it is imported into England, is the same outrageous sum which is demanded in the United States: from 21s. to 28s. The prices of the new paper-backs may seem high in England, since they range from 7s. to 12s. 6d., but at least they have become thinkable. These books will not be displayed, because there is an assumption that all imported books will be over-priced; but they can be ordered.

The Macmillan series of paper-back poets is available from Macmillan *of New York*, London. Reed Whittemore's *The Self-Made Man* is a superb book of serious-comic verse. He is precise in his complaints and honest in his feelings. Because of his irony, I rather suspect that he will be eventually appreciated in England. I have seen only three other books of the Macmillan series, and found them disappointing. Ramon Guthrie's *Graffiti*, which had some enthusiastic reviews in the States, seems to me to lack art. First books by David Galler (*Walls and Distances*) and Hayden Carruth (*The Crow and the Heart*) seem examples of that melancholy thing, the *average* work of a decade.

Another series is published by the Wesleyan University Press and is distributed in Britain by W. S. Hall & Co. Louis Simpson, in *A Dream of Governors*, has written one of the most remarkable of recent American books. I don't believe anyone in recent times has achieved such a synthesis of wild imagination and formal decorum. James Wright's *Saint Judas* carries on the promise of his first volume; it is full of strong writing, good characterisation, and clear feeling. Barbara Howes collects her poems in *Light and Dark*, and the aggregation is impressive. She has a tense wit which is seldom trivial. Hyam Plutzik's *Apples from Shinar* is strong and inventive, and he writes like no one else in America.

Wesleyan and Macmillan are both doing more books this spring. They provide the English reader with a chance to find out what is happening in American poetry—the good things and the bad things—without having to rely on the snippets of an anthology.

Donald Hall

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LETTERS

Dudintsev's Bandit

VLADIMIR DUDINTSEV's latest short story [ENCOUNTER, June] which was originally published in the January issue of the Moscow *Novy Mir*, has also been published in translation in Hungary and Poland.

The author's famous *Not by Bread Alone* (first published in *Novy Mir* in the autumn of 1956) was one of the most conspicuous examples of literary "revisionism" and ran the usual course of all works of its kind. It was translated into most western languages and figured in the best-seller lists of America, England, and France—while in its country of origin it never appeared in book form but was the target of a veritable barrage of neo-Zhdanovist literary criticism. Dudintsev remained silent and refrained from self-criticism. Yet, strangely enough, and as an unmistakable sign of the general relaxation of tension, the official attitude to him has softened in the course of the last year. Albeit cautiously, Nikita Khrushchev took him under his protective wing at last year's congress of Soviet writers: "I have read Dudintsev's book"—he said—

> and let me add: I did not have to prick myself with a pin in order to keep awake. Certain parts of it are worthy of attention and Anastas Ivanovich Mikoyan who read the book before me told me: "Read it, there are arguments in it that he could have taken word for word from you." Yes, Dudintsev has very cleverly pointed out a few negative phenomena, but exaggerated and deliberately generalised them. I have already said so and I still maintain that Dudintsev was never our enemy, was not an opponent of the Soviet order....

After such preliminaries I had certain misgivings when I sat down to read the new Dudintsev. I was afraid its author might have paid the "price" of Khrushchev's protection and accepted some kind of political and literary compromise in order to be permitted to appear in print after years of silence. Having read the story to the last word I should like to say that, if we can speak of a compromise, it was made rather by Khrushchev and his censors than by Dudintsev.

The story appears to me to be a much greater literary achievement than *Not by Bread Alone*, which deserves praise rather for its political virtues than for its literary qualities. Then it was obvious that Dudintsev was an honest and brave man; now we can safely add that he is also a gifted writer. His story is absorbing and evocative, his figures, though strange, are still authentic, his mysticism reminds one of Dostoievsky and Edgar Allan Poe, and this is by no means a negligible phenomenon in the forty-year-old desert of socialist realism. (The transformation of his hero who not only continues the work of the dead bandit but adopts all his habits as well, so to say grows into his body, reminds me again and again of *Caliph Stork*; if it were not so unlikely that this Hungarian masterpiece is known in Russia I would say that the young writer is a disciple of Babits....)

Anyone is justified in raising the question whether Dudintsev's general humanism is not a manifestation of the notorious "Soviet humanism" that preaches the most exalted ideals but always finds a way to justify even the most inhuman crimes in the name of some "higher humanism." My answer would be: No. Perhaps the most interesting feature of Dudintsev's story is that his humanism is not a "partisan" humanism; on the contrary, he draws a sharp dividing line between the party and himself.

The most repulsive—or rather, the only repulsive—character in *A New Year's Fable* is the head of the personnel department of the Sun-Research Laboratory, mouthpiece of the party ideology and representative of the "new class." This man who "liked asking forthright questions in a loud voice, as though making some frightful accusation" is the one who wants to denounce the reformed bandit, and who, among his simply-dressed colleagues "fancied himself in expensive tweeds with padded shoulders" while his wife "had once called for him at the laboratory with a splendid silver fox over her arm." When the scientists working in the laboratory meditate on the mystery of time, it is he who interrupts with party-loyal narrow-mindedness: "Then what becomes of our heroic past? And what about our radiant future?" And it is he who severely reprimands his chattering, day-dreaming colleagues: "There are limits, after all...." The reply he receives from the former bandit is bold and characteristic: "My dear man... the kind of new thing we are looking for is nearly always beyond the limit."

One of the most interesting dialogues of the story is that in which the former bandit explains that the vessel of time should be filled with the most passionate delights, the happiest feelings. The personnel chief retorts angrily: "So you are preaching pure selfishness! All you want is joys, delights! And what about the little matter of working for the people? What d'you think of that? Eh?"—"What I think"—the bandit replies—"is that you're behind the times. You should be taken in tow. You imagine that joy is a sin—a sin you secretly indulge in within the privacy of your four walls—and that working for the people is just your public duty. Compared with you my bandit is a man of advanced views. He has tested all your joys and he is sick and tired of them. There's only one joy he believes in now, and that's what you regard as a grim duty."

It is not difficult to decide on whose side the author is, on the personnel chief's or on the bandit's. The only questions that remain unanswered is *who* and *what* the reformed bandit symbolises. Perhaps nothing and nobody. But it is also possible that the allusion has a deeper meaning. I would not venture to give an explanation but, at the same time, I cannot keep my guess to myself.

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Let me first quote Dudintsev's description of the conference of unreformed bandits:

> Once upon a time in a far-away kingdom—to be more exact, a few years ago in this very town —this is what happened. On Sunday, some sixty or perhaps a hundred well-dressed men gathered in a secluded shady spot in the Park of Culture for an open-air discussion. Later on it was discovered that this two-hour session in our park had been a—what shall I call it—a symposium of thieves and bandits, members of a so-called "Brotherhood." Such people have their own strict rules; the punishment for breaking them is death. A new member has to have two sponsors, and when he joins, a few words are tattooed on his chest—a motto by which it can be known that he belongs.... At the congress of the bandits six sentences of death were passed.

I may be mistaken (and the reader must forgive me if I am), but the Brotherhood of Bandits reminds me strangely of the Party's Central Committee, its severe laws recall the Party rules, and the solemn symposium the Party Congresses. It is not certain, but neither is it impossible that the same thing may have been in Dudintsev's mind. In that case the reformed bandit who was "the oldest and most cunning of the bandits" but who "in recent years... had sobered up and taken to reading," may be none other than Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev. This guess is supported by the allusion, according to which this old scoundrel had written a "long letter" to his fellow-bandits from prison informing them of his reformation, and the prison director had had the letter mimeographed and distributed in the form of leaflets because "it was a document of great power; it was important to make use of it." Could there be a clearer reference to Khrushchev's secret report at the XXth Congress?

We might ask ourselves how, even in the present "thaw," the author could have taken the risk of publishing such a bold, dangerous symbol? The fact is, surprising as it may sound, that Dudintsev took the symbol of the reformed bandit from Khrushchev himself. At the occasion of the last writers' congress where Khrushchev defended the author of *Not by Bread Alone*, he related something that had happened to him. While he was on holiday at Sochi he received a letter from a man who had been a thief from the age of twelve, had been in prison four times, and now asked Khrushchev to help him set out on the path of virtue. Khrushchev received the man, and found him intelligent and sympathetic. He even had his picture taken with him, and he helped him to land a job and obtain credit. As far as he knew the man was now working as a docker and earning quite a bit. "Well, comrades," Khrushchev turned to the writers, "this too is part of our life. The author of that letter is a real, living human being.... Can this man be an active worker in the building of Communism? He can, comrades.... We know that those for whom he cared, those whom we trusted—the former criminals and murderers—repaid our trust a hundredfold!..."

Thus Dudintsev, if he had to defend himself, could safely refer to Khrushchev. He only wrote up a theme given by the First Secretary and if someone read all kinds of symbolisms into it, that wasn't his fault.... He had done his best; he had, almost obediently, written the story of the man to whom the leader of the Soviet Party called the attention of the writers. Anastas Ivanovich Mikoyan can now again tell Khrushchev: "There are things in it that he could have taken word for word from you...."

But if that should be so, then Dudintsev has indeed made a concession, not so much in the selection of his theme as in the fact that the symbolic bandit finally admits his crimes and turns into an honest man. Well, I hardly think that the "oldest

Nanny

We are likely, it seems, to see more pressure towards investigation of censorship in the theatre and cinema. While two Parliamentary questions are tabled for July 14, the current issue of ENCOUNTER *features a substantial article on "The Habit of Censorship." Its author, Mr. Derek Hill, has marshalled his evidence with skill: the conclusions one draws from it do not encourage confidence in the current system of film censorship.*

FINANCIAL TIMES, *4 July*

The July ENCOUNTER *contains an enquiry by Derek Hill into the nature and habits of film censorship in Britain. It will come as an eye-opener to many; even regular filmgoers have only the haziest notion of what lies behind that certificate flashed up. "S. W. Harris": who's he? Sir Sidney Harris, President of the British Board of Film Censors, the man responsible; he is 83. The name will soon change to Morrison. Lord Morrison of Lambeth is 72. But what difference will that make so long as fundamental attitudes persisted for 47 years remain? ...*

The case against the present censorship is that it is politically antiquated, that it lowers standards, and exercises a crippling drag on the growth of a serious and healthy British cinema. In the end almost anything may go as entertainment; art and ideas must be resisted. It is the same battle Shaw fought with the Lord Chamberlain over Ibsen.

What is the conclusion? That the British Board of Film Censors should be either drastically overhauled or abolished. Novels and the Press get along, not too calamitously, without this Nanny; why shouldn't films? The whole matter is to be raised in the House on 14 July by Mr. Stephen Swingler, who will demand a public enquiry; and it's to be hoped that, with the airing given by Mr. Hill, reason and realism may at last see the day.

NEW STATESMAN, *9 July*

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and most cunning of the bandits" will show himself very grateful for the comparison—all the less so as, in the course of the story, death is always at his heels. "Knowing the rules and customs of the Brotherhood better than anyone else, he realised that they would not forgive him for his betrayal and that somewhere a knife was being sharpened for him." Indeed, a few years after his betrayal, he is found before his door with several knife-wounds in his back.

Thus, the outlook drawn by Dudintsev for the symbolic bandit is no more flattering than the comparison itself. And yet, it is obvious that the young author has much sympathy—if not for Khrushchev's person—for the atmosphere and policy of relaxation. Who can blame him for that? To call this a "compromise" would be all the more senseless as only diehard Stalinists and blind western propagandists could have regarded *Not by Bread Alone* as an anti-Soviet book. The author himself had said, with obvious sincerity, that he wanted not to undermine but to improve the Soviet system. In his latest short story he goes much beyond the novel but he still cherishes political illusions. Not with regard to the party and the "brotherhood," but with regard to the reformation of the former bandit. But then, who knows? After all, in *A New Year's Fable* the ex-bandit only begins the work; it is a young, devoted, and a-political scientist who defeats the darkness and the cold.

TIBOR MERAY

Paris

BETWEEN WORLDS

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BETWEEN WORLDS
Inter American University, San Germán, Puerto Rico

To Philip Toynbee

DEAR MR. TOYNBEE,

It is with a rather heavy heart and head that I must reply to you, a man of goodwill even though, for your own inscrutably Dostoievskyan reasons, you have seized upon the occasion of an article in which you were singled out for commendation to administer a slap in the face with a wet fish to its writer; for I continue to admire you, even while I must deplore your wretched cause on this occasion.

You raise so many hares that I am forced to discriminate: I shall omit mention of all those that a cursory reperusal of my article would dispose of. I suppose though that where you become personal you must be answered. *Mr. Corke implies that he is . . . some sort of Moses: arrogant abuse: it is the general assumption of knowing the truth about the Durrell books which is intolerable.* As to this last, I will in this single instance quote my article: "I mean nothing doctrinaire; one would not demand that a critic should or should not specifically find a particular work 'good' or 'bad.'" I set out what I conceived to be the virtues of the books as explicitly and "factually" as possible, with examples; I then quoted various strictures of Criticus and showed, I must believe with at least a measure of success, that they were *demonstrably* false and malicious. That is not an "assumption of knowing." Indeed, I did my best to follow your own excellent programme, to "make [my] judgments with care, express them forcibly, and attempt to reinforce them in depth"—it is my own ideal also. But I rather suspect that what is really required of me is to lengthen my face, puddingise my style, and look heavily "responsible;" I prefer to concentrate on *being* responsible.

Arrogant abuse? Have you, I wonder, considered the *circumstances* in which such an article is written? You may possibly sit removed in Olympian calm delivering superlunary judgments. I must myself confess to a larger measure of unredeemed humanity. I must apologise for continuing on the personal plane to which you have brought the discussion, but a brief history may enlighten you. Review after review of the *Alexandria Quartet* had appeared in which the combination of spite and inaccuracy betrayed a mysterious compulsion to "get" Durrell. (I do not mean to imply a conspiracy; but the little fleas do show an unfortunate tendency to wait to see which way the big fleas jump.) Then one morning I came down to breakfast to be confronted with a long, dreary, and vicious diatribe in a weekly that quite literally made me blush for vicarious shame and even destroyed my appetite—I do not at all claim outrageous sensibility; at least two other steady persons whom I have questioned found themselves undergoing the same unexpected reactions. My only thought as I went toastless upstairs was of Durrell, whom I do not know personally, nor had I previously been in communication with him. I had to *do* something. I sat down at once to write to him to assure him, as a stranger, that these reviews must be quite unrepresentative of general informed and uncommitted opinion in this country—the substance of my letter was to be very much what eventually found its way into my

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article. For the letter was not written; upon reflection I felt that the private gesture was, under all the public circumstances, not enough. Now if you will think about all this for a moment, you will see that you have been deploring the blows without ever considering the provocation—which was prolonged and extreme. It was, of course, impersonal provocation; but then, I take leave to remind you, the blows were also.

To give a single instance of this imbalance, a number of the reviews I quoted condemned Durrell for various exaggerations and inaccuracies in his description of the Egyptian scene. I was able to point out, from my own chance knowledge of the locale, that on the contrary Durrell was dead right and the "corrections" rebounded upon the correctors. Yet when this situation has been passed through your inversion-machine it comes out as "I will say nothing about Mr. Corke's cheap gibes (why are gibes always *cheap*?) against critics who have travelled less widely than he has." If riotous persons let off rifles and the bullets ricochet off solid buildings into their faces, I do not know that you can pin a charge of "aggression" on the buildings.

But the really important and extraordinary parts of your letter are, not those in which you berate myself for agreeing with you, but the quite new elements that you have brought in from the outside. *What none of us* [the critics] *has the least right to do is to break ranks: our fraternity: a critic like the rest of us: get back into the ranks, for that is where we all belong!* These are strangely authoritarian sentiments. Even were we all living in some sweetly-socialised Toynbeepia, and I were a humble compulsory member of some CRU (Critics and Reviewers Union), it would be an evil thing if I could not draw attention to the lapses of my CRU-mates. And what should be the rules of such a CRU? In particular please ask yourself, and think long and carefully about your answer, where does the duty of the reviewer (not to put ourselves so high as critics) lie? My own belief, at any rate, is that my first duty is *to my book* (and thus by extension, so far as in any case may lie, to its author): I must represent it as fully and fairly as I know how. My second duty is *to my reader*: I must give him, by means of the various devices open to reviewers, as clear an idea as I can as to whether he is liable to like or dislike the book—if, for instance, I detect bias in myself, I must be at pains to make that formally evident so that he may, if he wishes, discount it. Have I, then, a third duty, to my fellow-reviewers? After some self-examination I have come to a quite unequivocal solution that I have not: I owe them, naturally, the duties and courtesies I owe to all humans, but beyond that, nothing.

If you think along these lines, and of truth rather than party, you will surely come to see that it is in deliberately promulgating scurrilities, not in correcting them, that we "break ranks"? How, for example, do you feel about the Criticus who in his anti-Durrell piece referred to your own review and totally and wantonly misrepresented its conclusions? In heaven's name, is *that* not breaking ranks? Surely the only ranks that matter are the ranks of those who, in the now time-honoured phrase, "enhance" life rather than deny it? To which party do you conceive Criticus to belong, and why do you go through such contortions to join him in it?

For the fact is that when you talk of "Mr. Corke [implying] that he is not a critic like the rest of us," you beg a big question. *Are* we critics? For myself, I gladly undertake reviews and articles because they are the least painful way I know to earn. Also I enjoy letting off steam and I like to feel, rightly or wrongly, that I may have some minute effect in helping the progress of books I think good and even in hindering that of those I think bad. Does this make me a "critic"? I gravely doubt it. At any rate, it is not what I feel that I was, in the theological phrase, "born to do." (That is why, if I may say so, your expensive gibe about "this particular trick of the trade has begun to be practised far too often" is a hundred miles wide of the mark—tricks are for professionals, "politicians"). I was "born" to construct (whether ill or well), not to compare: so surely, on the strength of your fascinating novels, were you: so, surely, were most of the other "critics" that I, we both, find ourselves generally in agreement with. Our whole situation is far too delicately complex for these glib military solutions.

With all best wishes,

HILARY CORKE

Abinger Hammer,
Surrey

Trend-setting

WHAT is happening in Swansea these days? I always enjoy Mr. Kingsley Amis in one of his down-to-earth, talking-no-nonsense-about-culture, look-even-though-we-*are*-writers-we-are-still-just-ordinary-chaps, sort of moods. But there is a very valuable central argument in his latest piece ["Lone Voices," ENCOUNTER, July]. From his own experiences as a university lecturer, he produces one of the most eloquent defences of a hierarchical society that I have ever read. I agree with all he says: but to find Mr. Amis in 1960 protesting against democratic values is well worth noticing, and even thinking about in one's bath. If I didn't know him better, I would think he was becoming a trend-setter.

HENRY FAIRLIE

London

[KINGSLEY AMIS writes: *What is happening in Fleet Street these days? A shaggy-coated old setter like myself soon ceases to feel amazement at some of the outlandish game he is deemed to have scented, but—hierarchical? Anti-democratic? I see nothing of either in my plea that admission to universities should be on grounds of merit rather than (to quote two other criteria recently suggested) niceness or keenness. To let 'em all come is a caricature of democracy. What would it be like if just anybody could get taken on as a barrister or a doctor or a sanitary engineer or a political columnist? After Mr. Fairlie I had better prepare to receive congratulatory letters from flat-earthers and teetotallers.*]

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Low-down on Down-under

As another "sensitive expatriate colonial tortured by the pull of two cultures," may I say that the Sydney *Observer*'s angry comment (ENCOUNTER, August) seems to me a typical example of our national paranoia? Perhaps seven years of defending the English way of life to newly-arrived Australians, and expounding the Australian point of view to English friends, have left their ironic mark; but I thought Murray Sayle's account of "Down-under" perceptive and amusing, whereas the *Observer*'s howl of rage stopped short of anything approaching reasoned refutation. "That's no chip on my shoulder, mate. That's a bloody great log."

CHARLES OSBORNE

London

Rhinoceros

WOULD Orson Welles have been "playing in the right court if he had decided that... [*Rhinoceros*] was a satire on the gradual assumption of power by that rhinocerotic darling of the word's cartoonists, General de Gaulle, and played it accordingly?" Mr. Nigel Dennis [ENCOUNTER, July] is perhaps unaware of the fact that *Rhinoceros* was originally a short story written in 1957 before de Gaulle's assumption of power (which, by the way, was surely not a gradual one?). The sudden mutation of so many Frenchmen into ardent supporters of the new President at the time of the referendum and even more the initial success of the revolt of May 1958 in Algiers were perhaps timely illustrations of Ionesco's theme, neatly defined by Mr. Dennis as "the squashing of singularity by mobs." But this is a theme with many variations (one of which is brilliantly handled in the film *The Angry Silence*) and it is surely one of the merits of the play that it can ring frighteningly true in any context where, as Ionesco puts it in an article published in *Le Monde* on January 13th this year, *"les gens tout à coup se laissent envahir par une religion nouvelle, une doctrine, un fanatisme."*

C. CHADWICK

University of Liverpool

Aldermaston

IT HAS been suggested to us that certain passages in "Letter to an Aldermaston Marcher" by Anthony Hartley which appeared in our June issue might give rise to some misunderstanding.

A reference to the leadership of Mr. Sydney Silverman, Canon Collins, and Doctor Donald Soper in the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign was not intended to imply that they had acted in any way improperly.

We apologise to them if any embarrassment has been caused by any wrong construction being put upon some passages of the "Letter."

AUTHORS

Goronwy Rees *writes*: "*The Green* was written before General de Gaulle's offer to open discussions with the F.L.N. I think one can be quite certain that all President Bourguiba's influence will be used to urge the F.L.N. to extract from General de Gaulle every possible concession that can be secured by negotiation; and only to break off discussions if they have succeeded in putting the French in the wrong in the eyes of public opinion. The difficulty of such a policy is that it implies that the F.L.N. leaders can make their followers accept the kind of compromises that might be involved in continuing negotiations; and under these circumstances the lack of any Algerian equivalent of the Neo-Destour Party is likely to become very apparent...."

About himself, he adds: "Born in 1909 and went to school in Aberystwyth and Cardiff before going to Oxford, where I was a scholar of New College and later a Fellow of All Souls. Studied in Berlin and Vienna and became a leader-writer on the *Manchester Guardian*, worked on *The Times*, and was Assistant-Editor of *The Spectator*. Served in the ranks during the war, was commissioned in The Royal Welch Fusiliers, and was G.S.O.2 (Plans) at 21 Army Group, and later attached to the Political Department of the Control Commission for Germany. After the war became a director of a firm of engineers and coppersmiths, Estates Bursar of All Souls, and later Principal of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, an appointment which I resigned in 1957 to my own and many other people's great relief. Since then, after a serious accident, have been engaged in writing and journalism. Have published three novels and translations of *Conversations with Kafka* and (with Stephen Spender) of Georg Büchner's *Danton's Tod*. Have also translated Brecht's *Die Ausname und die Regel* and Büchner's *Lenz*, which have recently been presented on the B.B.C. A new book of autobiographical sketches, *A Bundle of Sensations*, has been published this month by Chatto & Windus...."

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